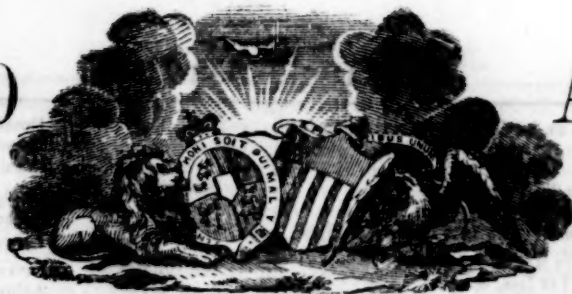


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THE POET.

Jove said one day, he should like to know
What would part a child of song from his lyre;
And he summon'd his minions, and bade them go,
With all their bribes and powers below,
Nor return till they wrought his desire.

The agents departed,—Jove's will must be done,
They vow'd to perform the deed full soon;
Vainly they search'd in the crowd and the sun,
But at last they found a high-soul'd one,
Alone with his harp and the moon.

Fortune first tempted; she scatter'd her gold,
And placed on his temples a gem bright rim;
But he only glanced on the wreath as it roll'd,
He said the circlet was heavy and cold,
And only a burden to him.

Venus came next, and she whisper'd rare things,
And praised him for scorning the bauble and pelf;
She promised him *Peris* in all but the wings;
But he laugh'd, and told her, with those soft strings
He could win such creatures himself.

Oppression and poverty tried their spell,
Nigh sure he would quail at such stern behest;
His pittance was scant, in a dark, dank cell,
Where the foam-spitting toad would not choose to dwell,
But he still hugg'd the harp to his breast.

They debated what effort the next should be,
When Death strode forth with his ponderous dart;
He held it aloft;—ye should know, cried he,
This work can only be done by me,
So, at once, my barb to his heart!

It struck; but the last faint flash of his eye
Was thrown on the lyre as it fell from his hand;
The trophy was seized, and they sped to the sky,
Where the Thunderer flamed on his throne on high,
And told how they did his command.

Jove heard, and he scowl'd with a gloomier frown;
'Twas the cloud pride lends to sorrow unseen;
He put by his sceptre and flung his bolt down,
And snatch'd from the glory that halo'd his crown
The rays of most burning sheen.

He hasten'd to earth, by the minstrel knelt,
And fashion'd the beams round his brow in a wreath;
He ordain'd it immortal, to dazzle, to melt,
And a portion of godhead since then has still dwelt
On a poet that slumbers in death.

A MEDITATION.

Some hidden disappointment clings
To all of man—to all his schemes,
And life has little fair it brings,
Save idle dreams.

The peace that may be ours to-day,
Scarce heed we, looking for the morrow;
The slighted moments steal away,
And then comes sorrow.

The light of promise that may glow
Where life shines fair in bud or bloom,
Ere fruit hath ripen'd forth to show,
Is quench'd in gloom.

The rapture softest blush imparts,
Dies with the bloom that fades away,
And glory from the wave departs
At close of day.

Where we have garner'd up our hearts,
And fixed our earnest love and trust,
The very life blood thence departs,
And all is dust.

Then, nature, let us turn to thee;
For in thy countless changes thou
Still bearest immortality
Upon thy brow.

Thy seasons, in their endless round
Of sunshine, tempest, calm, or blight,
Yet leave thee like an empress crown'd
With jewels bright.

Thy very storms are life to thee,
'Tis but a sleep thy seeming death;
We see thee wake in flower and tree
At spring's soft breath.

We view the ruin of our youth,
Decay's wan trace on all we cherish;
But thou, in thine unfailing truth,
Canst never perish.

MARSTON; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN.
PART XX.

As my mission was but temporary, and might be attended with personal hazard, I had left Clotilde in England, much to her regret, and travelled with as small a retinue as possible; and in general by unfrequented ways, to avoid the French patrols which were already spread through the neighbourhood of the high-roads. But, at Burgos, the Spanish commandant, on the delivery of my passport, insisted so strongly on the necessity for an escort, placing the wish on a feeling of his personal responsibility, in case of my falling into the enemy's hands, that to save the *senor's* conscience, or his commission, I consented to take a few troopers, with one of his aides-de-camp, to see me in safety through the Sierra Morena.

The aide-de-camp was a character; a little meagre being, who, after a long life of idleness and half-pay, was suddenly called into service, and now figured in a staff-coat and feather. His first commission had been in the luckless expedition of Count O'Reilly against the Moors; and it had probably served him as a topic, from that time to the moment when he pledged his renown for my safe delivery into the hands of the junta of Castile. He had three leading ideas, which formed the elements of his body and soul,—his contempt for the monks; and his value for the talents, courage, and fame of Don Ignacio Truena Relampago, the illustrious appellative of the little aide-de-camp himself. He talked without mercy as we rode along; and gave his opinions with all the easy conviction of an "officer on the staff," and all the freedom of the wilderness. The expedition to Africa had failed solely for want of adopting "the tactics which he would have advised;" and his public services in securing the retreat would have done honour to the Cid, or to Alexander the Great, had not "military jealousy refused to transmit them to the national ear." His opinion of Spanish politics was, that they owed their occasional mistakes solely to the culpable negligence of the war-minister "in overlooking the gallant subalterns of the national army." Spain he regarded as the natural sovereign of Europe; and, of course, of all mankind—its failing occasionally into the background being satisfactorily accounted for by the French descent of her existing dynasty, by the visible deterioration in the royal manufacture of cigars, and, more than either, "by the tardiness of military promotion." This last grievance was the sting. "If justice had been done," exclaimed the now feather warrior, rising in his stirrups and waving his hand, as if he was in the act of cleaving down a Moor, "I should long since have been a general. If I had been a general, the armies of Spain would long since have been on a very different footing. Men of merit would have been placed in their proper positions; the troops would have emulated the exploits of their forefathers in the age of Ferdinand and Isabella; and, instead of receiving a king from France, we should have given her one; while, instead of seeing a French emperor carrying off our princes, as the hawk carries off pigeons, or as a gipsy picks your pocket under pretence of telling your fortune, we should have been garrisoning Paris with our battalions, and sending a viceroys to the Tuileries."

I laughed; but my ill-timed mirth had nearly cost me an "affair of honour" with the little regenerator. His hand was instantly on the hilt of his sword, and every wrinkle on his brown visage was swelling with wrath; when my better genius prevailed. He probably recollected that he was sent as my protector, and that the office would not have been fulfilled according to his instructions, by running me through the midriff. But, with all his pomposity, he had the national good nature; and when we sat down to our chicken and bottle of Tinto in one of those delicious valleys, he was full of remorse for his burst of patriotic temper.

The day had been a continued blaze of sunshine, the road a burning sand, and the contrast of the spot where we made our halt was tempting. The scene was rich and *vivant*, the evening lovely, and the wine good. I could have reposed there for a month, or a year, or for ever. It would have been enough to make a man turn hermit; and I instinctively gazed round, to look for the convent which "must lie" in so luxurious a site. My companion informed me that I was perfectly right in my conjecture, that spot having been the position of one of the richest brotherhoods of Spain. But its opulence had been unluckily displayed in rather too ostentatious a style in the eyes of a French brigade; who, in consequence, packed up the plate in their baggage, and, in the course of a tumult which followed with the peasantry, burned the building to the ground.

Yet, this misfortune was the source of but slight condolence on the part of my friend. He was perfectly of the new school. "They were Theatines," said he—"as bad as the Jesuits in every thing but hypocrisy—powerful, insolent, bold-faced knaves; and after their robbing me of the inheritance of my old, rich uncle, which one of those crafty *padres* contrived to make the old devotee give them on his death-bed, I had dry eyes for their ill luck. But, I suppose," added he, "you know their creed?" I acknowledged my ignorance. "Well, you shall hear it. It is incomparably true; though, whether written for them by Moratin or Calderon, I leave to the antiquarians." He then chanted it in the style of the monkish service, and with gesticulations, groans, and upturning of eyes, which strongly gave me the idea that he had employed his leisure, if not relieved his sense of the war-minister's neglect, by exerting his talents as the "Gracioso" of some strolling company. The troopers gathered round us, with that odd mixture of familiarity and respect which belongs to all the lower ranks of Spain; and the performer evidently acquired

new spirits from the laughter of his audience, as he dashing sang his burlesque;—

CANCION.

Los mandamientos de los Teatinos,*
Mas humanos son que divinos.

Coro.—Tra lara, tra lara.

Primo—Adquirir mucho dinero. Tra lara, &c.
Segundo—Sujetar todo el mundo. Tra lara, &c.
Tercero—Buen capon, buen carnero. Tra lara, &c.
Quarto—Comprar barato, y vender caro. Tra lara, &c.
Quinto—Con el blanco aguar el tinto. Tra lara, &c.
Sexto—Tener siempre el lomo en siesto. Tra lara, &c.
Septimo—Guardase bien del sereno. Tra lara, &c.
Octavo—Obrar la suya, y lo ageno. Tra lara, &c.
Novo—Hazar del penitente esclavo. Tra lara, &c.
Decimo—Mescarse en cosas d'estado. Tra lara, &c.

Coro.—Estos diez mandamientos se encierran en dos—
Todo para mi, y nada para vos.

Tra lara, tra lara, &c.

The whole performance was received with applause which awoke the little aide-de-camp's genius to such an extent, that he volunteered to sing some stanzas of his own, immeasurably more poignant. He was in the act of filling a bumper to the "down-fall of all monkey on the face of the earth," when the report of a musket was heard, and the bottle was shattered in his hand. The honour of Don Ignacio Trueno Relampago was never in greater danger, for he instantly turned much whiter than his own pocket-handkerchief: but the Spaniard is a brave fellow, after all; and seeing that I drew out my pistol, he drew his sword, ordered his troopers to mount, and prepared for battle. But who can fight against fortune? Our horses, which had been picketed at a few yards' distance in the depth of the shade, were gone. A French battalion of tirailleurs, accidentally coming on our route, had surrounded the grove, and carried off the horses unperceived, while our gallant troopers were chorusing the songster. The sentinel left in charge of them had, of course, given way to the allurements of "sweet nature's king restorer, balmy sleep," and awoke only to find himself in French hands. Don Ignacio would have fought a legion of fiends; but seven hundred and fifty sharpshooters were a much more unmanageable affair; and on our holding a council of war, (which never fights,) and with a whole circle of bayonets glittering at our breasts, I advised a surrender without loss of time. The troopers were already disarmed, and the Don, appealing to me as evidence that he had done all that could be required by the most punctilious valour, surrendered his sword with the grace of a hero of romance. The Frenchmen enjoyed the entire scene prodigiously, laughed a great deal, drank our healths in our own bottles, and finished by a general request that the Don would indulge them with an encore of the chant which had so tickled their ears during their advance in the wood. The Don complied, *malgre, bongre*; and at the conclusion of this feat, the French colonel, resolved not to be outdone in any thing, called on one of his subalterns for a song. The subaltern hopelessly searched his memory for its lyrical stores; but after half a dozen snatches of "chansons," and breaking down in them all, he volunteered, in despair, what he pronounced, "the most popular love-song in all Italy." Probably not a syllable of it was understood by any one present but myself; yet this did not prevent its being applauded to the skies, and pronounced one of the most brilliant specimens of Italian sensibility. It was in *Latin*, and a fierce attack on the Jesuits, which the young officer, a palpable *philosophe*, had brought with him from the *symposia* of the "Ecole Polytechnique":—

Mortem norunt animare *
Et tumultus suscitare,
Inter reges, et sedare.

Tanquam sancti adorantur,
Tanquam reges dominantur,
Tanquam fures depredantur.

* CHANT.

The Theatines' commandments ten
Have less to do with saints than men.

Chorus.—Tra lara, tra lara.

- 1—Of money make sure. Tra lara, &c.
- 2—Entrap rich and poor.
- 3—Always get a good dinner.
- 4—In all bargains be winner.
- 5—Cool your red wine with white.
- 6—Turn day into night.
- 7—Give the bailiff the slip.
- 8—Make the world fill your scrip.
- 9—Make your convert a slave.
- 10—To your king play the knave.

Chorus.—Those ten commandments make but two—
All things for me, and none for you.

Tra lara, tra lara.

* Breeders of all foreignwars,
Breeders of all household jars,
Snugly 'escaping all the scars.

Worshipp'd, like the saints they make;
Tyants, forcing fools to quake;
Grasping all we brew or bake.

All our souls and bodies ruling,
All our passions hotly schooling,
All our wit and wisdom fooling.

Lords of all our goods and chattels,
Firebrands of our bigot battles,
When you see them, spring your rattles.

Shun them, as you'd shun the Pest;
Shun them, teacher, friend, and guest;
Shun them, north, south, east and west.

France, her true disease has hit;
France has made the vagrants flit;
France has swamp'd the Jesuit.

Dominantur temporale,
Dominantur spirituale,
Dominantur omnia male.

Hos igitur Jesuitas,
Heloones, hypocritas,
Fuge, si cælestia quæras.

Vita namque Christiana
Abhorret ab hac doctrinâ,
Tanquam fictâ et insana.

The colonel of the Tirailleurs was a complete specimen of the revolutionary soldier. He was a dashing figure with a bronzed face; at least so much of it as I could discover through the most inordinate pair of mustaches ever worn by a warrior. He was ignorant of every thing on earth but his profession, and laughed at the waste of time in poring over books; his travelling-library consisting of but two—the imperial army-list, and the muster-roll of his regiment. His family recollections went no higher than his father, a cobbler in Languedoc. But he was a capital officer, and the very material for *chef-de-bataillon*—rough, brave, quick, and as hardy as iron. Half a dozen scars gave evidence of his having shared the glories of France on the Rhine, the Po, and the Danube; and a cross of the Legion of Honour showed that his emperor was a different person from the object of Don Ignacio's cureless wrath, the war-minister who "made a point of neglecting all possible merit below that of a field-marshal."

The Frenchman, with all his *brusquerie*, was civil enough to regret my capture, "peculiarly as it laid him under the necessity of taking me far from my route;" his regiment then making forced marches to Andalusia, to join Dupont's division; and for the purpose of secrecy, the strictest orders having been given that the prisoners which they might make in the way should be carried along with them. As I had forwarded my official papers from Galicia to Castile, and was regarded simply as an English tourist, I had no sense of personal hazard; and putting the best complexion which I could upon my misadventure, I rode along with the column over hill and dale, enjoying the various aspects of one of the most varied and picturesque countries in the world. Our marches were rapid, but chiefly by night; thus evading at once the intolerable heat of the Spanish day, and collisions with the people. We bivouacked in the shelter of woods, or in the shade of hills, during the sultry hours; and recommenced our march in the cool of the eve, with short halts, until sunrise. Then we flung ourselves again under the shelter of the trees, and enjoyed those delights of rest and appetite, which are unknown to all but to the marchers and fasters for twelve hours together.

But, on our crossing the Sierra Morena, and taking the direction of Andalusia, the scene was wholly changed. The country was like one vast field of battle. The peasants were every where in arms, villages were seen burning along the horizon, and our constant vigilance was necessary to guard against a surprise. Every soldier who lay down to rest but a few yards from the column, or who attempted to forage in the villages, was sure to be shot or stilettoed; provisions were burned before our faces; and even where we were not actually fired on, the frowns of the population showed sufficiently that the evil day was at hand. At length we reached the range of hills which surround the plain of Cordova; yet only just in time to see the army of Dupont marching out from the city gates, in the direction of Andujar. As I stood beside the colonel, I could observe, by the knitting of his brow, that the movement did not satisfy his military sagacity. "What a quantity of baggage!" he murmured: "how will it be possible to carry such a train through the country, or how to fight, with such an encumbrance embarrassing every step? Unless the Spanish generals are the greatest fools on earth, or unless Dupont has a miracle worked for him, he must either abandon three-fourths of his waggons, or be ruined."

But I was now to have a nearer interest in the expedition. The battalion had no sooner joined the army on its advance, than I was ordered to appear before the chief of the staff. The language of this officer was brief, but expressive.

"You are a spy."

"You are misinformed. I am a gentleman and an Englishman."

"Look here." He produced a copy of my letter to the junta of Castile, which some clerk in the French pay had treacherously transmitted from Madrid.

"What answer have you to this?"

I flung the letter on the table.

"What right have you to require an answer? I have not come voluntarily to the quarters of the French army; I am a prisoner; I am not even in a military capacity. You would only act in conformity to the law of nations by giving me my liberty this moment; and I demand that you shall do your duty."

"I shall do it! If you have any arrangements to make, you had better lose no time; for I wait only the general's signature to my report, to have you shot." He turned on his heel. A sergeant with a couple of grenadiers entered, and I was consigned for the night to the provost-marshal. How anxiously I spent that night, I need not say. I was in the hands of violent men, exasperated by the popular resistance, and accustomed to disregard life. I braced myself up to meet my untoward catastrophe, and determined at least not to disgrace my country by helpless solicitation. I wrote a few letters, committed myself to a protection above the passions and vices of man, wrapped my cloak round me, and sank into a sound slumber.

I was aroused by a discharge of cannon, and found the camp in commotion. The Spaniards, under Reding and Castanos, had, as the colonel anticipated, fallen upon our line of march at daybreak, and cut off a large portion of the baggage train. It had been loaded with the church plate, and general plunder of Cordova; and the avarice of the French had obviously involved them in formidable difficulty. But, even in the universal tumult, the importance of my seizure was not forgotten; and I was ordered to the rear in charge of a guard. The action now began on all sides; the cannonade rapidly deepening on the flank and centre of the French position, and the musketry already beginning to rattle on various points of the line. From the height on which I stood, the whole scene lay beneath my eye; and nothing could have been better worth the speculation of any man—who was not under sentence of being shot as soon as the struggle was over!

I was aware of the reputation of the French general. He held a high name among the *braves* of the imperial army for the last ten years, and he had been foremost every where. In the desperate Italian campaign against the Austrians and Russians; in the victorious campaign of Austerlitz; in the sanguinary campaign of Eylau—Dupont was one of the most daring of generals of brigade. But his pillage of Cordova had roused the Spanish wrath into fury; and the effort to carry off his plunder made it impossible for him to resist a vi-

gorous attack, even with his twenty thousand veterans. He had indulged himself in Cordova, until the broken armies of the south had found time to rally; and a force of fifty thousand men was now rushing down upon his centre. The hills, as far as the eye could range, were covered with the armed peasantry, moving like dark clouds over their sides, and descending by thousands to the field. The battle now raged furiously in the centre, and the charges of the French cavalry made fearful gaps in the Spanish battalions. At length, the rising of the dust on the right showed that a strong column was approaching, which might decide the day. My heart beat slow as I saw the tricolor floating above its bayonets. It was the advanced guard, with Dupont at its head—a force of three thousand men, which had returned rapidly on its steps, as soon as the sound of the attack had reached it. It was boldly resisted by the Swiss and Walloon brigades of the Spanish line: but the French fire was heavy, its manœuvre was daring, and I began to fear for the fate of the day; when a loud explosion, and a hurried movement at the extreme of the French position, turned my eyes to the left wing. There the Spanish attack had swept every thing before it. Brigade after brigade was giving way, and the country was covered with scattered horsemen, infantry retiring in disorder, and broken and captured guns. The peasantry, too, had joined in the pursuit, and the wing seemed utterly ruined. To retrieve this disorder was now hopeless, for the French general had extended his line to the extraordinary length of ten miles. His baggage train was his ruin. The whole Spanish line now advanced, shouting, and only halting at intervals to cannonade the enemy. The French returned a feeble fire, and began to retreat. But retreat was now impossible, and they must fight, or be massacred. At this moment I saw an officer, from the spot where Dupont sat on his charger surrounded by his staff, gallop between the two armies. He was met by a Spanish officer. The firing ceased. Dupont had surrendered, with all the troops in Andalusia!

I was now at liberty, and I was received by the Spanish commander-in-chief with the honours due to my mission and my country. After mutual congratulations on this most brilliant day, I expressed my wish to set off for Madrid without delay. An escort of cavalry was ordered for me, and by midnight I had left behind me the slaughter and the triumph, the noblest of Spanish fields, the immortal Baylen!

The night was singularly dark; and as the by-roads of the Peninsula are confessedly among the most original specimens of the road making art, our attention was chiefly occupied, for the first hour, in finding our way in Indian file. At length, on the country's opening, I rode forward to the head of the troops, and addressed some questions, on our distance from the next town, to the officer. He at once pronounced my name, and my astonishment was not less than his own. In the commandant of the escort I found my gallant, though most wayward, young friend, Mariamne's lover, Lafontaine! His story was brief. In despair of removing her father's reluctance to their marriage, and wholly unable to bring over Mariamne to his own opinion, that she would act the wiser part in taking the chances of the world along with himself, he had resolved to enter the Russian or the Turkish service, or any other in which he had the speediest probability of ending his career by a bullet or a sabre-blow. The accidental recollection of one of his relations, an officer high in the Spanish service, had led him into the Peninsula; where, as a Royalist, he was warmly received by a people devoted to their kings; and had just received a commission in the cavalry of the guard, when the French war broke out. He felt no scruples in acting as a soldier of Spain; for, with the death of Louis, he had regarded all ties as broken, and he was now a citizen of the world. I ventured to mention the name of Mariamne; and I found that, there at least, the inconsistency charged on his nation had no place. He spoke of her with eloquent tenderness, and it was evident that, with all his despair of ever seeing her again, she still held the first place in his heart. In this wandering, yet by no means painful, interchange of thoughts, we moved on for some hours; when one of the advanced troopers rode back, to tell us that he had heard shots in the distance, and other sounds of struggle. We galloped forward, and from the brow of the next hill saw flames rising from a village in the valley beneath, and a skirmish going on between some marauding troops and the peasantry. Lafontaine instantly ordered an advance; and our whole troop were soon in the centre of the village, busily employed with the pistol and sabre. The French, taken by surprise, made but a slight resistance, and, after a few random shots, ran to a neighbouring wood. But as I was looking round, to congratulate my friend on his success, I saw him, to my infinite alarm, reel in his saddle, and had only time to save him from falling to the ground.

The accommodation of the Ventas and Posadas is habitually wretched, and I demanded whether there was not a house of some Hidalgo in the neighbourhood, to which the wounded officer might be carried. One of the last shots of the skirmish had struck him in the arm, and he was now fainting with pain. The house was pointed out, and we carried my unfortunate friend there, in a swoon. Even in that moment of anxiety, and with scarcely more than the first dawn to guide us, I could not help being struck with the cultivated beauty of the avenue through which we passed, and the profusion and variety of the flowers, which now began to breathe their opening incense to the dawn. The house was old, but large and handsome, and the furniture of the apartment into which we were shown, was singularly tasteful and costly. Who the owner was, was scarcely known among the bold fellows who accompanied us; but by their pointings to their foreheads, and their making the sign of the cross at every repetition of my enquiries, I was inclined to think him some escaped lunatic. I shortly, however, received a message from him, to tell me, that so soon as the crowd should be dismissed, he would visit the officer. The apartment was cleared, and he came. This was a new wonder for me. It was Mordecai that entered the room. The light was still so imperfect, that for awhile he could not recognize either of us; and when I advanced to take his hand, and addressed him by his name, he started back as if he had trod upon a snake. However, his habitual presence of mind soon enabled him to answer all my enquiries, and, among the first, one for the health and happiness of his daughter. Fearful of the effects of his intelligence, whether good or evil, on the nerves of Lafontaine, who still lay on the sofa, almost invisible in the dusk, I begged to follow him to another room, and there I listened to his whole anxious history since our parting.—Mariamne had suddenly grown discontented with Poland; which to Mordecai himself had become a weary residence, from the ravages of the French war. For some reason unaccountable to me, said the old man, she set her heart upon Spain, and had now been domiciled in this secluded spot for a year. But she was visibly fading away. She read and wrote much, and was even more attached to her harp and her flowers than ever; yet declared that she had bid farewell to the world. The father wept as he spoke, but his were the tears of sorrow rather than of anguish. They stole quietly down his cheeks, and showed that the stern and haughty spirit was subdued within him. I had not ventured to allude to Lafontaine; but the current of his own thoughts at length led to that forbidden topic. "I am

afraid, Mr Marston," said he, "that I have been too harsh with my child. I looked for her alliance with some of the opulent among my own kindred; or I should have rejoiced if your regards had been fixed on her, and hers on you. And in those dreams, I forgot that the affections must choose for themselves. I had no objection to the young Frenchman, but that he was a stranger, and was poor—Yet are not we ourselves strangers? and if he was poor, was not I rich? But all is over now; and I shall only have to follow my poor Mariamne, where I should have much rather preceded her,—to the grave."

I now requested to see Mariamne. She met me with almost a cry of joy, and with a cheek of sudden crimson; but, when the first flush passed away, her looks gave painful proof of the effect of solitude and sorrow. The rounded beauty of her cheek was gone, her eyes, once dancing with every emotion, were fixed and hollow, and her frame, once remarkable for symmetry, was thin and feeble. But, her heart was buoyant still, and when I talked of past scenes and recollections, her eye sparkled once more. Still, her manner was changed—it was softer and less capricious; her language, even her voice, was subdued; and more than once I saw a tear stealing on her eye. At length, after hearing some slight detail of her wanderings, and her fears that the roubles of Spain might drive her from a country in whose genial climate and flowery fields "she had hoped to end her days;" I incidentally asked—whether, in all her wanderings, she had heard of "my friend, Lafontaine." How impossible is it to deceive the instinct of the female heart! The look which she gave me the searching glance of her fine eyes, which flashed with all their former lustre, and the sudden quivering of her lip, told me how deeply his image was fixed in her recollection. She saw at once that I had tidings of her lover; and she hung upon the hand which I held out to her, with breathless and beseeching anxiety. After some precautions, I revealed to her the facts—that he was as faithfully devoted to her as ever, and—that he was even under her roof!

I leave the rest of her story to be conjectured. I shall only say, that I saw her made happy; the burden taken off her spirits which had exhausted her frame; her former vivacity restored, her eye sparkling once more; and even the heart of her father cheered, and acknowledging "that there was happiness in the world, if men did not mar it for themselves." The "course of true love" had, at last, "run smooth." I was present at the marriage of Lafontaine. The trials of fortune had been of infinite service to him; they had sobered his eccentricity, taught him the value of a quiet mind, and prepared him for that manlier career which belongs to the husband and the father. I left them, thanking me in all the language of gratitude, promising to visit me in England.—To be concluded next Week.

MARK O'SHAUGNESSY'S MISTAKE.

A PIPER'S STORY, FOUNDED ON FACT.

Tim Cusack, now a clod of the valley, but some years since located in the unpretending little village of Doonbeg, situate, lying, and being, in "Pleasant Clare," was a genuine, unadulterated piper of the old school, possessed of a pliancy of elbow that left him without a rival with the well-roined bow or tidy blackthorn. Many a heart Tim softened, and many a head he laid open when the fair-day came round, and a favourite jig, or faction, were in the ascendant for the time being. Tim threw five-and-twenty yards of line, too, and his accompaniment of flies, with a precision and a skill that left the neighbouring river minus many a goodly trout, and rarely joined ourselves, or any other professor of the "gentle art," from the neighbouring town of Kilrush, without producing a killing fly of his own tying (one that even the O'Gorman might pronounce faultless), and "a sample" of stuff that never saw the face of a gauger. But it was while seated in his own particular chair, within the simple chimney-corner of Mrs. Burns's domicile, redolent of entertainment for man and beast, that Tim Cusack exhibited in his proper colours. The night grew less long while his bagpipe and his stories alternately lent it wings; and many a time have we reluctantly risen, after drying our nether extremities and comforting our inner man with "a prime rasher" and a trout done to death that very hour—yes, many a time cast a longing, lingering look behind, and deemed we heard a new reading of the "Song of the Charmer" in Tim's "Death alive! sure 'tis only five small miles; sit down, and take another air o' the fire: the night's long, so it is." There he sat, like the solitary Joan Fernandez—gentleman, all but monarch.

"Of all he survey'd."

But Tim Cusack is tugging at our sleeve, and thus it was that "once upon a time" the old man spake:—

"To be sure, to be sure, do what we will to put a kink in his gallop, 'tis amazin' how fast the ould thief Time schemes along. Bedad! 'tis now a thrifle over the half cintherry since myself was first fastened to that Irish organ, vulgarly called the bagpipes. Well, I seen—and where's the piper that doesn't?—a deal of strange doin's in my time. God help us! though like the drop o' comfort, we're out o' fashin' and temperance, that pours the wather into the people be wholesale, knocked the wind out o' the likes o' myself completely. But 'tis all for the best, as Mr. Coghlan, the publican, said, when he heard that the shupervisor of excise committed shuaside. 'Tis seldom now I rowls away from the ould ground. I like to be lookin' up, so I do, at the ould castle, with its slits of loopholes for windy, and to be imaginin' what dhroll doin's was goin' on there long and merry ago, when that reprobate o' the earth, Oliver Cromwell, was carryin' on the war, keepin' people perphethially in hot-wather. As Mither O'Connell and the rippale wardins could tell you, be massacrein' the nibors at their males and prayers, and makin' himself uncommon disagreeable, intirely. Still, and for all, they wor fine times, inore or less, I declare. There was no pottheen Peelers invinted, nor grand jury cess worth speakin' of; and as for tax gatherers, and ti-be-proctors, allieu! purshooin' to the bit, but the prime minister of England might as well offer to give the Archbishop o' Tuam a fist in the jaw, as one o' em to show his nose. Young Mark O'Shaugnessy, and a divartin' rake he was while in these parts, was mighty knowledgeable on sich subjects. Poor Mark! take him at a moneen, throwing a heavy stone, or a grouse hackle, discoursin' on Pasterini, or the ould ansiant times, when the kings of Ireland—peace be wid 'em!—used to be at handy-grips—'twasn't easy to surpass him; he my word, for a young chap that was counth' y reared, he was up to a power, from takin' a man's life to ringin' a pig that was given to shtrellin'."

"They had a warm spot, the O'Shaugnessy's had, convayniant to Dromelthy—land for the value, well stocked, and signs by, fair, father and son came well-mounted into the fair, and take my word for it, the man that id shtrike either o' em would require a score of good boys at his back. 'Twas a grate loss to the woman o' this house when times changed with 'em, and a bad season or two, night walkin' and raisin' the little finger, turned the landlord's countenance against 'em, and gave 'em down the banks in no time. Pon my conscience, he's dead and gone now, by all account; but young Mark was the

truth of a sportin' blade, and the heart's blood of a good fellow to the pipers. I think I'm lookin' at him this minnit, knockin' dust out o' the kitchen table in a moneen, and a tight, well-turned leg he had on dher him; maybe I usedn't be axed about him comin' on Shroff (Shrove-tide), but, God help us, whin he had things his own way he was, like greater people, hard to be plazed; and so (as the world is generally even wid thim that's stiff-necked in the long run) whin the tide turnt, thim that would run to his whistle wanst, paid little attention to his sootherin' afterwards. His people sounded the Spellisys in regard o' their daughter Judy,—phew! they might as well be axin' Juke Wellintin' for rippale. Then they thried Dan Mor'arty's family, but bad blood was there, 'count of Mark's only sither, little Kitty, refusin' young Mor'arty more than wanst. To be sure, poor Mark's pride was hurt a thrifle at these disappointments; but he wasn't the one to lie down and rise a pilliew on dher 'em; begor, like poor Bony whin they sint him to St. Heleny, he had nothin' for it but to take to the dhrink; and then, whin things grew desperate intirely, bedad it kem into his head to commit abducshin' be runnin' away wid the widdy Koughan's daughter, who had a sportin' porshin', and he thought, moreover, 'twould be a good speculashin', as there was a decay in the family.

"Well, 'twas a fair-day in Doonbeg, about eighteen years ago, and a fine September day it was, as takin' a day for the white throat as ever a man wet a line in. Min. womin, and childrin, pigs, and money, wor as plinty as blackberries; the square of waste ground outside the village was covered with tints, every one o' 'em having tables full up of glasses and jugs, and all sorts of materials at the intrance; and as for pipers, my hand to you, I'm not here if they didn't come rowlin' in from all parts! That was a great day, surely, and good reason I have to remember it. I wint through a raysonable share of tribulashin' in my time; but, sartilly, I dhrank more licker, played more thunes and got a greater beatin' that same day, than ever I did before in the whole course of my life. The M'Donnells and Spellisys wor sthroing faeshins thim times, and they rus a disturbance about three o'clock that was ekal to a Frinch revylushin'. Blud alive, how the stones did fly and the blackthorns clatter! Mither Keane of the Lodge was afther winnin' a set o' pipes at a ruffile about a month before, and well become his father's son, he med myself a present o' 'em. I'll ingage you before evenin', if he put on the best spectacles that ever crossed a nose, he couldn't identify the same collechshin'.

"Nothin' id do myself but to throw by the instrumint and tackle big Mick Brummagin on the stick. I had it for him, you persave, because whin I was young and foolish, and axed his daughter in marriage, he said I should have her, and welcome, if I showed myself a man with the blackthorn. 'Twas in winter time, I recollect, and betune the could, and to hide the thrimblin' that was in my heart within, I gev a divil of a screech as I stud oppozit him. Well, it's all past and gone now; he did soften the head that was on dher my Caroline that evenin'; and, indeed, though I say it myself, I taught him, and he had the dacency to acknowledge it, a few steps he never larned of his dancin' masher. Every livin' sowl in the kitchen of Cock-me-hat's public-house, where we had the bout, gev it in my favour; but the ould thief only sulked, and the length and breadth of his shillelah was all I ever saw of his daughter, or his money.

"I thought to pay off ould scores on the fair-day, but, bad luck to Mick! he had so many guards, and feints, and there was sich a scroodge, that all I tuk out of him was two front teeth, afther he cuttin' a Patrick's cross over my eyebrow, and thrampin' my poor pipes to death. But, he gonnies, I'm losin' sight of Mark O'Shaugnessy. He, too, had a busy day of it. One minit dancin' in the open air, and the next wettin' his whistle in a tin or a public-house. I left him singin' the 'Dear Irish Boy,' in Mrs. Burns's parlour, I remember, and before I could say 'thrapstick,' he was in the thick o' the faeshin fight, and weltn' the M'Donnells wid his loadin' whip like the very mischief. Every thing must have an end; the boys got tired fleakin' each other, and left off the scrimmage in order to have recourse to the refreshmint. Poor Mark was in grate sperrits intirely, and nothing would answer him but that I should join him and his party, and play for 'em on Bat Buckley's pipes; there was no stint of whisky-punch, to be sure, and we had songs enough for an army of ballad-singers.

"What a nate set o' boys we wor! The two Doyles, and Mick Driscoll, a boy o' the Meany's, and two or three Cooreclare chaps; not to mntion a couple o' harum-scarum fellows that used to be visitin' Mutton Island, and doing a thrifle in the way o' bizness wid the smugglers that used to be perpetually resortin' thim parts, and runnin' cargoes in Malbay, no thanks to the revenny and sogers that wor in Kilrush. Och, hone! they may talk of great days for Ireland now, whin people goes about disgustinly sober, and thim timperance bands lets on to be all in the dead knowledge consarnin' music. Meself is no hand in respect to the politics; but I declare I'm tired hearin' o' the war that's to come, and how France and Ameriky is to have wigs on the green if England doesn't put the O'Regans in pozzeshin'. Let 'em dhrag it betune 'em aragal, I think the tatterthin' ould times wor the pleasantest; plinty o' music and the best o' dhrink; a nate taste of a faeshin fight, now and agin; smugglin' and shootin' tithe-proctors, be way of a change, and the sperrit to bear up agin' poverty, corns, and leaky shoes.

"But no mather, we're talkin' of pipers and Peg Burns's. Two musicians from Carrigaholt, and one from Dunaha, wor peltin' away that night in the kitchen, and another big room; myself humourin' the chanter for Mark's sillect party in the little parlour; and, indeed, you'd pity the woman o' the house to see her, every other minit, obleeged to stand up and put her best foot foremost in a moneen, sthrievin' at the same time to watch her little boy and the sarvice-girl, in dhrhead they'd sarve the wrong people, or not keep an account, so that 't was no uncommon thing to hear great confusion in the discourse that was goin' on.

"Mickey, you villin'! Mrs. Burns id cry, and she and Spellisy the hook-nosed tailor hard at the 'fox-hunters,'—Mickey, how many dandies [A diminutive tumbler of punch.] is that to M'Cormick?"

"Sivin, ma'am: there's two bad pinny-pieces, an' he didn't pay for the last round."

"E'then your health, ashore, and that you mightn't lose the caper," M'Cormick id shout, in order to dhrown the gorseon's remark.

"Where's Thady Haugh gone, Mickey?" the woman o' the house id reshume agin.

"Home betune two of his people, ma'am; but he ped."

"Blud alive, there's another jug broke!" then maybe Torpy, the horse-breaker, that was ever and always a giddy crethur, barrin' whin he was on a baste's back, id come in for his share of lingo, till he'd soften herself be praisin' her light fut, and declarin' it was an admiration in a woman weighin' eighteen stone, standin' bame. Well, whin poor Mark O'Shaugnessy got the lade purty well primed in our share o' the house, and had 'em shakin' hands and kissin' till I thought they'd eat the jaws off o' one another, begor he studiedd himself

and spoke his mind freely in regard o' what he was bint upon. He remindod one how often whin he was in throuble the O'Shaugnessy's never seen him lookin' twice for bail; and he bid another think no more o' the thirteen and sixpence that was betune 'em; divil a one but he had somethin' sootherin' to say to. As for myself, if I was private piperto the King o' Proosia—the Lord be about uz!—he couldn't sound me praises higher; till, to make a long story short, he butthered and blarneyed, coaxed and palavered, thrated and sung songs to that degree, that, bedad, 'twould be hard to refuse to burn a church at his biddin'. Carry off the widdy Roughan's daughter! Was that all? Erra! where was the man, havin' the laste regard in life for his carcass, that id be sich an ongrateful bigard as to refuse? So, fair, the bizness was arranged, while a piper id be teunin'; and they all agreed, the wild bligards o' the airth, that no time was like the present.

"As Providence id have it, thim times I had a great capacity in the dhrinkin' line, so that I was barely 'Middlin', I thank you,' whin they wor plottin' and schemin'. Many, to be sure, 'll say I had no right to do what I done, but maybe it was all for the best; moreover, the Roughans wor distantly related to myself be the mother, and I never squeezed an instrumint in a warmer house than the widdy's, besides standin' well wid the little girl that was studdy and unashumin', and was mighty industrious intirely.

"I made up my mind, any how, to save Shusy Roughan from becomin' Mrs. O'Shaugnessy in spite of her; but how to set about it, was the question. If I slept out, I'd be suspected; and if I remained behind, 't would be the same thing. I was never subject to the fallin' sickness, so couldn't give an imitation, and thryin' a paraletic sthroke id be a deadly sin intirely; at long last, I gav a preference to the cramp and colic line. Mark, afther closin' the doore carefully, was busy arranging every thing; he med a plan of the widdy's premises with pipe stoppers and the punch that was spilt on the table, and every man had his post marked out.

"Ned Doyle, says Mark, 'you and Mick 'le manage the sarvice-boys be tyin' 'em to the manger, and we'll lave the widdy to Slathery, and —"

"Before he had the word out of his mouth, I stud up, dhrapt the pipes, and takin' a grip o' meself be the pit o' the stomik, I screwed up my face till it was smaller than a peevish infant's, and as wrinkled as Jack Flahahan's, that lived to be a hundred and eight.

"Death a' nekurs, Tim, what's amiss wid you?' they all shouted, and then every one biginned to give his advice.

"'Tis the hate, and the thimble full o' licker he tuk,' says one; 'open his weskit, and out wid him into the fresh air!'

"Well, afther a power of cross examin' as to what was disparagin' me, I gev three or four mortal grate groans, and biginned to chatter like a monkey, till they wor all full sure I was fairy-sthrook. Afther a power of actin' rowlin', and grinnin', and havin' the skin (with respects to you) nearly briled off my stomik, and a dozen ould women burnin' feathers on dher me nose, and delugin, me with wather, I biginned to come to very slowly, complainin' gratefully of weakness, though, till it inded in my bein' left on the hayloft, as a cool refreshin place, away from the noise and the sultriness.

"So far so good. What was next to be done? As for goin' to look for sogers, that was out of the questhin, and, somehow or another, the poleese warn't much in fashin thimdays. Well, begor, thinks I to myself, send another and your bizness is half done; the real ticket is to look afther it yerself; so I waited till little Bryan Canty kem with a bowl o' tay to me, that had a dandy o' wine-negus in its cinthre, and tellin' him not to disturb me agin, as I was on for an hour's nap, the minit he was gone I slept out o' the loft windy, and across the fields wid me to Mr. Shannon's. As I passed the parlour windy I peeped betune the chuthers, and there I seen the man o' the house, and Mr. Considine the gauger oppozit him, out pipes a yard long in their mouths, and, av course, a rattlin' jug o' punch before 'em. By the same token, mighty pleasant company the same Mr. Considine was. They got him of a time sleepy over his licker, and put snuff and beef-brine in his constitushin, that though his face was painted with lamblack into the bargain, he was as fresh as a daisy next mornin'; and, says he, whin he seen his reflecshin in the lookin'-glass, 'Murty Considine, I hate you!' I saw him myself of a day, carrin' a keg o' sperrits before him on horseback through the village of Kilmihil wid men, women, and childher, shoutin' afther him. He was a nate horseman, no doubt; and as for singin', I'd walk the tin miles any day to hear him give the 'Shinin' Daisy.' To go back to my story, there he was, himself, and ould Ned, and, my hand to you! 't wasn't long till I was in the stables, that wor a smart step from the house, and I'll ingage I soon had the axciee-officer's sp-kin' chesnut, that they used to call 'Permit,' out of his stall; and just puttin' the bridle to rights, up wid me, and kickin' him in the side, enough to take the wind out of an elephant, off I pelted to the widdy's. Thunder and turf! how we did tatter along the high-road (in spite o' the baste wantin' to halt at the public-house), and maybe the stragglers that wor goin' home didn't make way for us. Phew! slash through ould Cree, where it comes out eon vanyiant to the sand-hills, and rattles over the stones down to the say. Well, afther a tearin' gallop of four miles—at all evints, 't was more than a hard canther—I got to Mrs. Roughan's snug farm-house, about tin perch off the Milton road.

"Erra, let me alone! maybe myself and my news didn't make a commoshin'. Not a sowl was in the house, only herself and her daughter, and her only son Jamesy, a delicate wasp of a crethur, about eighteen year or so; one o' the sarvice boys was out on the padrowl, and the other—indeed he was neither use nor ornament—was snorin' before the kitchen fire, so I reckon him as nothin', and the girls that wor snug in the settle-bed. 'Tis often I thought since that night, that still and for all, humble people have a grate advantage over quollity in many ways. Where's the man that'll tell me, if I kem tatterthin' up to a real lady's house at that hour, wid sich news, and she a lone woman, that she wouldn't be in interix, and takin' her hair out be handfulls, as if 't was of any use except to the owner, and smellin' to little vials, and screechin' like mad, instead of coolly considherin' the ins and outs of the case, and what was best to be done? But 'tis fashionable, I'm tould, to shew narvousness and the like, every opportunity; still, and for all, if poor people hasn't the comforts and the delicacies, maybe they have the advantage in 'cuteness and the like, so that, as the Kerry dancin'-master remarked, 'what they lose in dancin' down, they make up in turnin' round.'

"The heavens be her bed! Mrs. Roughan wint on wid no giddy curifizes o' the kind. She cried a dhrass over her little girl, to be sure, and kept runnin' over and hether for a spell, like a hin that id be sthrievin' to coax her chickens out o' harms way. She was one minit shovin' Shusy into this room, and then coverin' her up in that; and, indeed, 'twas no admirashin that the pair o' 'em id be a thrifle asthray in regard o' what was comin'. As for myself, I got more than one warm hug, and a dhrap of as nate sperrits as ever tickled my throat. Afther that I was ordered up the laddher at wanst over the ceilin' of the little

parlour, that wasn't partitioned up to the top, and there I lay amongst the flax, and bog-wood, and bundle-linen, and little odds and ends that way that wor lyin' there, so that as a gallery boy I had a sportin' view of the pit.

"The Lord be good to us, and keep us in our ould days from all rovers and scapegraces!" 'Twasn't long till the war came on. We hear the thramp out side, and before you could say 'thrapstick,' I'll ingage the door was in about the house to us, and half-a-dozen o' the boys, wid their faces blackened, after it: they soon put an ind to the sarvice boy's pleasant dhramas, be sittin' him standin' on his head in the male-barrel, by way of blindfouldin' him. The poor widdy, to be sure, clawed 'em right and left, and purshoonin' to the one of her that didn't take two falls out o' one of the Doyles before they secured her to their likin'. There's no use in telling an untruth now, but I'd have given the best set o' pipes I ever laid an elbow on that I was back in Peg Burns's hayloft when the scrimmage began; and moreover when I hear the bla'gards handin' the daysint little girl, and she screechin' all sorts o' murder, out o' the bed-room windy to Mark, for he never kem inside, good nor bad, in dhread he'd be identified out o' hand. Well, down I came, in fear and thrimblin' when the villins wor gone, and there was the poor widdy rockin' herself through and fro, and givin' a touch o' the Irish cry for a start, while young Jamesy was standin' hard by the hob, a big frieze top-coat thrown over his showlders, and the tongs, that he was afther doin' his poor best to make battle wid, in his hands.

"So we stud lookin' at each other mournful enough; the mischief was done, and there was no help for it.

"God's blessin' and the prayers and blessin' o' the lone woman be about you this night, Tim Cusack, any how!" says Mrs. Roughan. "You did your part, so go, in God's name, and I'll see if our back is so poor in the mornin' that meself and me little girl won't be righted."

"Sure enough 'tis a piper's bizness to keep well wid all parties, and not to be earnin' the wages that some o' the professhun wor ped once of a time. So my borrowed horse was ordered on dhuty once more, and I'll ingage the grass didn't grow on dher shoes, till I turned him loose in the big field near Mr. Shannon's, and got back, cute and cozy, to my nest in the hayloft, a little before the first light.

"Oh, maybe I didn't bear a power o' shakin' before I let on to be awake next mornin'! Beteune actin' a part, and the exercise and anxiety, I declare to you I was as tired as a bull that id be bate three days runnin'! What skelpin' over and hether to hear the news there was in Doonbeg that mornin'! I never seen any thing to ekal the commoshun since the day—the Lord bless the hearers!—the Martin sloop o'-war was lost at Sayfield, and the whole side o' the counthry flocked down to indushter about the wrack.

"Of coorse five hundred stories wor afloat, and all far away enough from the truth. Some had it that the sogers wor out still huntin', and carried away Mrs. Roughan as a presner, 'count iv her speculashins in that line. More said that 'twas Considine the gauger had a finger in the pie, and that he was bet within an inch of his life, and robbed of his horse. When I kem into the kitchen, yawwnin' like a cook afther a weddin', they all laughed at me for sleepin' so long and began to tell the wondherful news, little dhreamin' I knew a thrifle on that head myself. Oh, murder, murder, 'tis all like a dhrame now! the cushins and answers, the fine kitchen o' bacon, the kittle biling, and the dacinety, and comfort, and every whole ha'porth! Many a one dead and gone now that was busy and talkative enough that mornin'! Begor, 'tis a dhrole world; nothin' but changes comin' evermore, and not the same kings or pipers havin' the sway, you'd imagine, for any time worth speakin' of! But I must keep to the bizness in hand. Casey, the pedlar, dhropt into Peggy's, early as it was, on his way westwards, and he thru some real light on the matter.

"I never thought," says he, afther puttin' down his pack and takin' his mornin', 'that an O'Shaugnessy id commit such a barefaced blunder; bedad, he ought to lave the counthry at wunst, or he'll be med a holy show of!"

"Oh, as for that," says Mrs. Burns, makin' answer, 'faix, the Roughans are a snug people; and though young Mark is a friend o' mine, Shusy is good enough for him any day!"

"Not a doubt of it, ma'am," says Casey, grinmin', afther drainin' his glass,—"not a doubt of it, but he hasn't her at all yet."

"Well, to be sure, we all stared, and no blame to us, at the word.

"Tareanages, how soon they rescued her! but he'll get her afther the blast [stain on her reputation,] 'twill give her, surely!" some one remarked.

"So Casey only winked, and tossed his head and med as if for goin'. Poor Peg Burns! I think she's standin' before me out this very minit. She had the taypot in one hand, and a plate of eggs in the other.

"Bad manners to me," Casey, says she, 'but if I can find a duck egg, for I never eat the like, among these, I'll plaster it betune yer eyes, if you don't tell at wunst how it turnt out!"

"Well, ma'am, take the world easy," says the pedlar; 'and be it known to you, that Mark brought home his prize on a horse he borried at Eames's cross. When he got to Dromelihi, he dismissed the boys wid his blessin', and goin' into his father's in the dark, by way of threaten' the little girl wid all proper respect, he med 'em put her to bed to his gran'mother, that was eighty-two last Candlemas, and as deaf as Justice."

"Well," says Mrs. Burns, laying down the breakfast materials, and puttin' a pair of elbows on herself, 'wasn't that becomin' and proper? What's there to grin at in it?"

"Oh, the deuce a pin's worth in life!" says Casey, shouldherin' his pack and gettin' near the doore; 'but when the daylight kem, Mrs. Burns, dear, they found 'twas Jamesy Roughan they had, dhressed in his sister's clothes!—A good mornin' to ye!"

"Poor Mark! the divarshin his blunder caused was beyant tellin'. He cut his stick from the ould man's the same evenin', and never came next or nigh it afterwaras. Some says he jined the paythriots, and faced to South Ameriky. Be that as it will, whinever a man in these parts med a grate splash about doin' any thing, and was disappointed, or was overreached in a bargain, or felt himself cocksure of a snug match and missed it like his mammy's blessin', 'twas a common thing to say, in Irish, 'It bate MARK O'SHAUGNESSY'S MISTAKE!"

THREE ADVENTURES BEFORE MIDNIGHT.

I have had more than one adventure in those East Indian jungles, amongst which so many of my early years were spent, but not one that possesses more of truth and less of the appearance of it than that which betell my friend Chisholm. For many years he was my brother-officer and chum. We arrived at Madras together, having shared the problematical comforts of the same cabin as passengers on board the David Scott, a vessel of which the only distinct recollections I retain are, that it was freighted with young ladies, cadets, and

horses; and commanded by an uncouth no-sailor, with whom I was incessantly getting into all sorts of scrapes, from which the cool, manly, affectionate bearing of Chisholm was as incessantly extricating me. We were posted to do duty with the same regiment, drilled together, quizzed together as the most enormously and incontrovertibly green griffins that ever quitted the oatmeal bannocks of bonny Scotland for the curry and rice of India, and studied together the gutturals peculiar to the Hindustani language under the same moonshi. At length, the companions were separated. Chisholm was ordered to Dharwar, I to Bangalore; and, after two years, when he obtained a month's furlough to the latter gay station to visit me, the incidents I am going to tell, in straightforward, soldier's phrase, were in effect the adventures of a single evening.

He had pitched his tent for the night among the low, rocky, barren hills, on one of which stands the droog, or fort of Chittledroog, and after spending part of the day in inspecting this still considerable possession of the Mysore rajah, one of the strongest fortresses in India, he resolved on devoting the long afternoon before him to his fowling-piece, for he was an inveterate sportsman, the best shot in his regiment. At that period there was no battalion garrisoned in the Spotted Fort (for such is the meaning of Chittledroog), which, though a romantic and picturesque station, is yet considered unhealthy. The water is scanty, and of a bad quality; and the maidan, or plain, extending for ten miles from north to south, and about four from east to west, consists of that black soil called cotton-ground, which the natives assert to be the matrix where is generated unwholesome exhalations. In the customary style of Asiatic fortified rocks, Chittledroog is surrounded by several walls within one another, the outermost of which might be taken without endangering the safety of the inhabitants of the central citadel or fortalice.

It was towards the eastern jungles beyond the plain that, on a sultry afternoon, Chisholm directed his steps, having told his domestics not to expect him before dusk, but to prepare for an early start on the following morning.

"I had a village lad with me as beater," said Chisholm, "and though once or twice he refused to accompany me in certain directions, affirming that there were tigers and panthers in those parts, I found him expert in the use of his beating-pole—a poor substitute, notwithstanding, for a pointer; and so successful was I, that before it was five o'clock I had already bagged a brace of florikin, that most delicate species of bustard, a hare or two, and a sirus, which latter bird I presented to the boy, to his great delight; and as I was unwilling to return so soon, I sent him back with the game, having received instructions from him how to steer my course.

"When he left me, I flung myself down on the short, crisp herbage in repose; and there, in that dreamy sort of wakefulness, which, beneath the blue sky of India, when the cooler breezes of coming night breathe, but do not blow, is one of our chiefest luxuries, I might have peaceably remained until it was time to retrace my steps towards, had I not been aroused by the shrill cry of a peacock, which, rising slowly from behind me, steadily winnowed its way, scarce two feet from the ground, to the woods beyond. 'Shall I see for the vein of gold,' thought I, 'or for the sage bird that avoids it?' For I remembered the common Hindoo superstition, which asserts that the peacock has so great a horror of gold, that aware of its presence, and though averse to make use of its heavy wings, it flies over the earth in which a vein of the pernicious ore is concealed. Neither did I forget the more probable belief, that where peafowl are found, there too inhabits the tiger. But I had never shot a peacock, and the sportsman's lust overcoming both the miser's greed and the prudent man's caution, I started up from the voluptuous rest into which I had fallen, and was deep in the thick mazes of an undeniable, though not thick forest, ere I felt convinced that this was the principal quarter prohibited by my little guide. I had twice raised the gorgeous bird, and twice fired in vain, when, as I was crossing a narrow dangur, or ravine, over which it had passed, and through which ran a little thread of water, my eyes became all at once rivited on certain marks in the sandy soil,—the unmi-takable *bagh ka-punja*,—the traces of a cheeta's feet! Knowing that the leopard and panther frequent the deepest dells, making their dens in such cool retreats as are likely to furnish water as well as shade, I resolved on instant return; but had not retraced my way forty paces ere a loud growl in advance startled me into the certainty of near and immediate danger. Before me, in almost the very tract I had come, and glaring through the acacia bushes, I saw a pair of fiery globes,—the eyes of the crouching peril; whilst lashing its tail, it gave in truth, 'dreadful note of preparation."

"I was, as nearly as I could calculate, within two springs of it. My Manton was loaded, but not with ball; to my right was open space, leading to a few scattered *kaveet*, or wood-apple trees, between which and me the ground seemed to have been broken up for several yards, for it was here and there cut up, divested of turf, the grass lying about, while leaves and branches were strewn over all. A glance was sufficient to convince that, if attainable, my post of defence would be the hole of the nearest, which was also the largest tree; but almost despairing of reaching it ere the cheeta made his attack, instead of turning back, I effected a sudden leap to the right, and in another moment gained the desired position, yet, not without running another and unexpected risk; for, in my momentary descent upon the intervening space, I found the leaf-strewn soil give way under me, and instantly became aware that beneath it was a hollow or chasm of some sort.

"In another instant, the unsteady footing I had occupied was invaded by the pursuing cheeta! The enormous and ferocious creature, lighting within a foot of me, at the very verge of the pitfall—for such indeed it proved—had scarcely touched the treacherous superstructure, ere the whole giving way, he was precipitated backwards,—still, however, clinging by his fore paws to the margin, whence his hot and fetid breath struck against my forehead! In my utmost terror I could yet gaze with a strange fascination on the grand, but awful appearance of the animal,—itself full of fear as well as rage, its eyes, red and ravenous, sent a chill to my blood, while from its distended jaws, covered with spumy foam, issued the appalling discord of its voice. Once it raised itself so completely from the chasm into which its hinder parts depended, that I made sure it would effect its escape; and, with a last effort, I raised my fowling-piece, levelled it at his eyes, and fired. The cheeta, yelling hideously, fell into the pit; and breathing a fervent thanksgiving for such an issue to my well-founded apprehensions, I sank, utterly unable to stand, upon the ground.

"But it was no time for delay, the evening was advancing, shadows were already lengthening into gigantic grotesqueness; and I had so entirely entangled myself in the jungle, that I could not be certain of my way out of it. On, however, I struck, till finding myself still more deeply involved in its fastnesses I paused to reflect. The sun was setting: its golden light, falling like the intangible shadows of a troop of bright spirits on the green branches of the trees, reminding me, that as I had come towards the east, I should now turn

my face towards the sinking luminary. But the thickets increased in size, the jungle thickened,—there were numerous ravines and gullies in the course I had taken; and I really felt very uncomfortable. Presently I found myself at the mouth of a sort of cave, and concluding it might be the lair of the cheeta or his mate, I turned away from it, and ascended a slight mound covered with soft moss and parasite plants, which, indeed, proved to be the roof of the antre; for, whilst I groped on hands and knees, escalating the slippery yet gradual, ascent, a sound of human voices reached me, and I had scarcely paused to listen ere, lo! the whole gave way, whilst, as if in ridiculous imitations of my recent foe, down I fell, unhurt, but sorely alarmed, amongst a group who were assuredly still more terrified than myself! Screams, cries, imprecations assailed me!

"Bhaug! Bhaug! It is a tiger!" cried one.

"Afreet! ghoul! peeshash!" It is a goblin, a spectre, a demon," said another; and when at length I got up, picking up my uninjured limbs and Manton, I found myself in the centre of a hut; the occupants of which were an old man, a woman and a boy,—all of whom had evidently been busily tending a great fire, on which were placed the simple utensils employed by the natives in the distillery of smuggled arrack. It was, in fact, the secret retreat of a *kulal*, or distiller of spirituous liquor.

"In a very few words I explained the nature of the accident—the adventure of the cheeta—and my desire to bestow a *bukshish* (gratuity) on whoever would point out the path I should take. Great was the joy of the poor people to hear that the cheeta had been snared; they assured me that its escape from the pit was impossible, and its mate had been killed some weeks before. Beseeching me to retain the secret of their retreat between the lips of silence, they directed the boy to put me in the right track, from which I had considerably deviated, and I left them. But the terrors of the night were not yet over.

"It was now dark, quite dark. The sudden and brief twilight of our Indian climes had come and gone whilst I remained in the underground hut, which indeed, I found to be on the very borders of the plain, hidden among the last thickets of the jungle. We had not gone a mile of the six which I was told I had to proceed, before my little guide, stumbling over something in the narrow pathway, fell, cutting his knee against a stone. I had, fortunately the East Indian sportsman's usual supply of diachylon about me, which I applied to the wound; but, as the poor child walked with difficulty and seemed anxious to return I made him describe the direction I had to pursue and dismissed him, enriched beyond all former experience—in the possession of a rupee. He told me I had but to follow the straightforward tract to reach my place of encampment, and I did not think it likely I could diverge from the one limited path into any soil more rugged and unbeaten. There was no moon as yet and the wide open plain, here and there intersected by slight gravelly ravines, the summer dried beds of mountain torrents in the monsoon, and here and there a turf of bushes or a clump of trees seemed almost boundless. Behind me I could still define the dusky shadows of woods and hill, but in front all was level vacancy, except far, far in advance, where a twinkling light denoted the night fire of the pilgrim, the habitation of man, or the shrine of a faquir. This was the point given me to march upon, and whilst it lasted all went well; but it soon disappeared, and I saw it no more.

"All the sounds and sensations peculiar to an Asiatic night were gathered around me as I slowly proceeded. The air was agreeably cool, a myriad of insects, born of darkness, filled the atmosphere; the fetid green bug stuck in my hair, mosquitoes buzzed hungrily about my ears, and large white winged moths, with obtuse pertinacity, mistook my eyes for some luminous food; crickets and grasshoppers chirruped loudly around, occasionally a night owl hooted across the waste, and as I crossed a small runnel of water a flock of the huge white herons, called paddi birds from their frequenting the wet paddi, or rice fields, rose simultaneously from their drink, looking as they flew lazily away like a troop of ghosts in snowy shrouds. There was the boom of a bittern, and the croak of many bullfrogs; and, by and by, beautiful in the pitchy darkness which precedes the rise of the moon, the sky was thronged with fireflies. They danced, and gleamed, and glittered around me, like floating gems; they decked the trees of a *toppe* or grove, through which I passed till every branch seemed festooned with fairy lamps, every leaf dewed with drops of diamonds, and rubies, and emeralds; and I paused in mute admiration to look at them. Suddenly, as suddenly as they had appeared before me, and as if swayed by some inscrutable policy of their own, they vanished, and all again was obscurity. Indeed, it was now so dark that I knew the moon must soon arise, and feeling a certain security in remaining still, I resolved to wait till the night grew lighter. I had descended a slight sandy defile and was seated on a bank near the little rill, which in breadth was not a yard across; the delicious coolness of the breeze, the rich odour that came wafted from the golden blossoms of some *babools* (gum-arabic trees) near me, the disappearance of the annoying insects, and a considerable degree of fatigue, combined to drowse my faculties, and I was supinely yielding to the irresistible clasp of a slumber, when, all at once something hurtled past me, a whirling sort of noise was heard, some sharp substance struck me painfully on my extended leg, a sound as if of the clattering of many rods struck together in quick succession followed, and all again was silent! In violent terror, I put my hand to my leg, and found that in truth, something had pierced through my trousers, for blood was running from the wound. I could see nothing, but I drew something from the ground. Could it be an arrow? Nay, it was the newly dropped quill of a porcupine! The shy animal, so rarely seen, had come to drink, and, in its unexpected contact with my leg had been deprived of a quill; one of those beautifully dotted quills, of which the expert natives of some parts of India make such elegant work boxes.

"It was still dark, though the pitchy denseness of the atmosphere had subsided. I, however, deemed it advisable to remove from the proximity of water; and, creeping up into the plain, threw myself down on the dry, hispid spear grass, where I contrived for a few minutes to keep awake; but, alas! (a word which the clever young author of *Eothen* avers is never spoken, though often written) just as I was conscious of a coming grey to the skies, the god of sleep, too strong for me, attacked me, and I succumbed.

"No doubt of it; I slept soundly—sweetly; no doubt of it. I have never, since then, slept in the open air either soundly or sweetly, for my awakening was full of horror! Before I was fully awake, however, I had a strange perception of danger, which tied me down to the earth, warning me against all motion. I knew that there was a shadow creeping over me beneath which to lie in dumb inaction was the wisest resource. I felt that my lower extremities were being invaded by the heavy coils of a living chain; but, as if a providential opiate had been infused into my system, preventing all movement of thew or sinew, I knew not till I was wide awake that an enormous serpent covered the whole of my nether limbs up to the knees.

"My God, I am lost!" was the mental exclamation I made as every drop

of blood in my veins seemed turned to ice; and anon I shook like an aspen leaf, until the very fear that my sudden palsy might rouse the reptile occasioned a revulsion of feeling, and I again lay paralysed. It slept, or at all events remained still; and how long it remained I know not, for time to the fear-struck is the ring of eternity. All at once the sky cleared up, the moon shone out, the stars were over me; I could see them all as I lay stretched on my side, one hand under my head, whence I dared not remove it, nor dared I look downwards at the loathsome bedfellow which my evil stars had sent me. Unexpectedly a new object of terror supervened; a curious purring sound behind me, followed by two smart taps on the ground, put the snake on the alert; for it moved, and I felt that it was crawling upwards to my breast. At that moment, when I was almost maddened by insupportable apprehension into starting up to meet, perhaps, certain destruction, something sprang upon my shoulder—upon the reptile! There was a shrill cry from the new assailant, a loud appalling hiss from the serpent; for an instant I could feel them wrestling, as it were, on my body; in the next, they were beside me on the turf; in another, a few paces off, struggling, twisting round each other, fighting furiously, I beheld them,—a *munghoos*, or *ichnumon*, and a *cobra di capello*!

"I started up, I watched that most singular combat, for all was now clear as day. I saw them stand aloof for a moment; the deep venomous fascinations of the snake's glance powerless against the quick, keen, restless orbs of its opponent; I saw this duel of the eye exchange once more for the conflict; I saw that the *munghoos* was bitten, that it darted away, doubtless in search of the still unknown plant whose juices are its alleged antidote against snake bite; that it returned with fresh vigour to the attack; and then, glad sight! I saw the *cobra di capello*, maimed from hooded head to scaly tail, fall lifeless from its hitherto erect position, with a baffled hiss; whilst the wonderful victor, indulging itself in a series of fierce leaps upon the body of its antagonist, danced and bounded about, purring and spitting like an enraged cat!

"Little graceful creature! I have ever since kept a pet *munghoos*, the most frog-devouring of all favourites.

"I very soon found my way to my tent, where there were some strange surmises about my absence. Need I tell you how I enjoyed my curry and rice that night, late as it was? or how I countermanded the marching orders for next morning? or how soundly I slept after those 'Three Adventures before Midnight'?"

THE LATE STRUGGLES OF ABD-EL-KADER, AND THE CAMPAIGN OF ISLY.

BY ONE WHO HAS SERVED IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

A passion not very unusual, but in me unusually strong, for seeing foreign countries, particularly countries that have a pedigree—countries known to history—planted me not long ago in a most picturesque attitude, in front of Abd-el-Kader and his Arabs, with sublimity in my eye, and a knapsack on my shoulders.

Towards the end of December, one of these latter years, I found myself in a pretty café at Toulon, called the Café Méditerranée. I was seated in a fauteuil, with my left foot on an ottoman, and my right on a tabouret, much to their comfort. I had previously been lost, body and mind, in their magnificent country of Provence, that land once of knights and troubadours, now of warlike sounds, sights, and preparations, where African expeditions fledge themselves for their flights in the torrid regions on the other side of the Mediterranean, the land, I will add, in which beauty forgets not still to smile,—beauty of all kinds,—of the climate, and certainly of those who own the climate.

I was seated in the above-mentioned delectable position, in which grace was, perhaps, rather merged in comfort; and really I was plunged in thought,—or, at least, my imagination was busy,—when I perceived that I was an object of attention to an old gentleman with a thin face, who was reading me as he would a book.

I don't like being made a book of; and, accordingly, I executed a *volte-face*. That done, I found that I had, in no perceptible manner, escaped the perusal of the old gentleman, whose page I had thus taken the liberty to turn.

This phenomenon requires explanation,—though the explanation will not require philosophy. The fact is, that for fifteen feet from the ground, all round the room, the walls were one vast mirror, beautifully clear, in one vast frame of gilding, as beautifully embossed. And, accordingly, I found that I was just as legible a page for my venerable reader with my back to him as with my face. Nor did he disconcert himself. I was beginning to be amused at this impudence, when at length he rather astonished me by nodding to my image in the glass, saying,—

"Bon soir, Monsieur l'Anglais!"

Now I had not opened my lips, even to say that difficult word, *garçon*, which betrays to the delicate ear of a Frenchman foreigners of every kind. And, had I even spoken, I was vain enough to suppose that I should have done so in faultless French, and in a pure accent.

But, to return to "Bon soir, Monsieur l'Anglais," I wheeled about again, and "Good evening!" said I; "but you seem to know my country; and yet I think I have not spoken since entering the café."

"Tis your face," replied he; "we all know the English face,—a high forehead,—a rather perpendicular line to it from the chin,—whiskers,—no moustache,—no imperial,—the eye, in general, blue or grey, or at least light,—the brow thin, but clearly marked,—a physiognomy rather blonde; an expression of pride, and full, by the way, of *anticipate opinion*, as the Italians say, or, as yourselves phrase it, of 'foregone conclusions,' more plainly called prejudices. 'Tis the easiest of all faces to recognize. But no face is a stranger to me."

"You must, then, have greatly travelled!" said I.

"Macbeth's witches," rejoined he, speaking suddenly English, "were not greater 'posters of the sea and land.'"

I looked at him again, and fancied I had seen his likeness somewhere; probably, thought I, a portrait. At that moment, however, my attention was drawn off to a gentleman who passed us, and joined a group of military persons.

The latter, in loud tones, were talking of Africa; for which country they were to embark, with about two thousand men, in a few days.

This new comer had a very remarkable glance, with which he seemed, in a second, to take in the entire of any object before him; and then he would look on the ground, or at the ceiling, or in the air, with a half frown of meditation, as though he were arranging his impressions in his memory. His forehead and head were fine, and there was genius in his expressive face.

"Pray who is that person?" inquired I of my friend, to whom no face, as he declared, was a stranger; "how much those officers seem to make of him."

"He is going with them to Africa," said the old gentleman; "'tis Horace Vernet!"

"Ah!" I cried; and in my turn I began to make a book of the celebrated painter's physiognomy, "he wants Arab subjects."

"And," returned my Cicerone, "to be at home in the details, he wishes, of course, to see with his own eyes. We are going down together."

"How! you, too, proceeding to Africa! Why it seems that everybody is bound for that sultry land."

"The trip is, indeed, in fashion. You should come!"

"I! What is there to be seen in Africa?"

"I'll tell you," replied he, laying his hand on my arm; "this Northern Africa is a haunted land! They are celebrated shores, those old shores! The war, though now nearly burnt out, is the most picturesque war the world has beheld since the Moors were driven from Granada. The very name of the Arab operations shows that music itself has nothing more beautifully airy, more whimsically graceful, than the military scenes which these wild horsemen are enacting. Are they not called fantasias? Our great painter does well to go view them."

At that moment the coffee-room door opened, the clock struck, and in rushed to my delighted ear "the stormy music of the drum!" 'Twas only *la retraite*. I got up and stood at the door to see the drums pass. The stars were intensely bright, the night most luminous and beautiful. My new friend followed me, and there before us, under the moon's beams, with measured tread and perfect order, the French soldiers were going slowly by. With what interest did I not gaze on that celebrated simple blue uniform! How was it not associated in my mind with soul-stirring recollections!

"You should engage," said my companion.

"I am a foreigner," said I doubtfully.

"There is a foreign legion at your service," he replied.

"I should wish to go to Africa."

"It is in Africa," rejoined he, smiling, "that the legion is stationed."

"Were I to engage I might find my enthusiasm sooner exhausted than you or I imagine, and I should nevertheless continue to be detained in painful and profitless durance for the term of my enlistment."

"By no means," replied he; "you can buy a substitute for about two thousand francs, whenever it suits your convenience to withdraw. Besides, how could you, a foreigner, alone, without defence, venture into the interior! How could you possibly see Africa, as a traveller, in the present state of things! And, as an Englishman, what pretext could you put forward which would procure you the permission of accompanying the French troops in their expeditions? As a soldier you may see, and you will see, the Arabs in their own country, and Abd-el-Kader at their head."

"Only think!" I cried, "the modern Jugurtha!"

"It is not as in England," resumed he. "In the ranks you will be surrounded by the well born. So many young men of the best families engage here, sure of speedy advancement, and desirous of learning the practical elementary details of their profession, after the manner of the Romans, before assuming those posts, whose higher duties they have already half divined by careful reading and by studious meditation. It is not as in England."

"Could I purchase a substitute after six months?" demanded I.

"After six weeks if you chose."

The next day I was a soldier in the service of the French.

CHAPTER II.

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows," as the frigate bears us slowly down the steep of waters, behind which France is sinking out of view. We are bound for Oran, on the Morocco side of Algeria, close to the ancient Mauritania.

In the frigate were six hundred and ninety-nine soldiers, not counting myself. —I made just the seven hundredth. All except me were French. Certainly they were not the kind of society which I had anticipated, from a knowledge of what our own troops are in the ranks. There were many amongst them who had received an excellent education, and who joined to all the wit and liveliness natural to Frenchman a cultivated taste and extensive information. Mathematics, as applied to navigation, to astronomy, and to engineering, as well as to the formation of military columns on grounds of different kinds, were ordinary topics of discussion. Even literature and the fine arts were sometimes on the carpet,—and I was astonished at the extensive reading which those soldiers displayed.

They were acquainted, very many of them, with the more popular English works of a light nature; and they also knew at least the names and the merits of our principal philosophers,—above all, of Sir Isaac Newton. Their manners had a singular changeableness; sometimes refinement was pushed to its furthest limits, with an ease and naturalness which were really quite high-bred. At other times, on looking at them, the idea forced itself upon my mind, "what a fierce and savage soldiery!"

The frequency of promotion makes them cultivate their mind, and look on themselves as merely for the moment in their actual grades, and as destined to play higher parts hereafter. There were, however, amongst them some who could neither read nor write, and who having not the slightest chance of rising, had made up their minds in accordance with their lot, and looked only to the completion of their seven years' service,—thinking ever of their family, and of the dear village from which they had been torn by the conscription. These were the men who died, for the most part, in Africa, victims of the *mal du pays*,—too dispirited ever to become acclimatised.

There were some, however, who, possessing no instruction, had nevertheless voluntarily engaged from recklessness, not of course from the hope of advancement. Ill conducted and vagabond, too indolent for the toils of an honest livelihood, and universally detested in their native places, they had enrolled themselves, hardly knowing why—more, perhaps, from negative than from positive motives.

Some, again, there were, who, although full of talent, and possessing all requisite information, looked not forward to promotion, conscious of their bad character, and of the necessity of orderly conduct, such as they had never been in the habit of practising. These were the dangerous men, swaggers and fighters, for ever punished, and for ever insubordinate.

The soldiers slept on the decks, either the upper or the lower, according as they could find a place, under the fair moonlight of a Mediterranean December: they nestled in all holes and corners, they fared badly, and they laughed heartily. Africa was a perpetual topic. They would tell stories of the Arabs, report rumours, dispute about the colour of Abd-el-Kader's beard, listen to the tales of some old campaigner, and build magnificent castles in the air.

They would talk of the cross of the Legion of Honour, and touching one another on the breast, ask the history of each particular decoration. They would draw imaginary pictures of the future—recall, with infinite zest, and in the prettiest colours, the past—make each other minutely acquainted with all

the parts of France (collected as they were from every department), and speculate, without end or measure, on the merits of each locality, beginning perhaps with the price of wine or with the boots of the Prefect, and proceeding through agriculture and manufacture to the characteristics and the very dialect of the inhabitants. No subject too high—none too minute.

Then "du coq à l'âne," as they say themselves—a transition of French suddenness to the fair friends with whom they had sadly parted. They would sigh at the recollection of France, and, almost in the same breath, exult at the exciting prospect of fights and of prizes, of sharp fusillades and of bustling expeditions.

On one point all were agreed,—that it was not the Arabs whom they had to fear in Africa, although they admitted the high bravery of the poor Bedouins,—but that they had to fear simply the climate; and they had made up their minds to fight the climate as if he were an enemy. Thereupon, they would report the opinions of doctors, commend rice, denounce brandy, and permit to each other a moderate use of wine.

When the breeze had blown the frigate out of the Gulf of Lyons, it died, and we were becalmed. We were eleven days performing a four days' passage. The weather was heavenly. The question was, what to do in order to pass the time. The officers on the quarter deck leaned over the taffrail, watching the sports of many a monster, and sending an occasional shot at fish or fowl.

The sailors and soldiers (when the deck had been scoured by the former) would play at single-stick and broadsword in the midst of a dense ring of spectators, or fence for wagers and for honour. The soldiers had the best of it. There was especially one well-made handsome cannoneer, the son of a retired General; he was a sad scapegrace, who had ever been the enemy of his own advancement by the most profligate and disorderly conduct; but he was endowed with admirable capabilities of mind and person. In France itself, where the best swordsmen are to be found, I never saw his equal, either at the rapier or the broadsword.

Then, again, in the twilight hour, the mariners would sing noble choruses together, with no bad execution. Ah! that bold manly music, as we went slowly through the moonlit waves, was so romantic.

Such was the kind of tranquil life we led on board the frigate. I remember, as if it was a great event, our having sailed obliquely across a current, which looked like a broad and mighty river, and which we saw, on either side, immeasurably long, flowing from the one even to the other horizon. A few cross winds had come to warp our course from the right hand to the left, in such a manner, that we had first an excellent view of Corsica, and then of the Spanish coast; we brushed Majorca; we beheld an English vessel of war, sailing beautifully, and looking like the owner of the Mediterranean (and with what bustling eagerness the French—officers as well as men—gazed on her till she was out of view); we saw a multitude of isles, some so near and so distinct, that we could discern the flat-roofed houses of that happy clime, a presage of Africa—some so remote, that they melted into the clouds. At length, a fair and favorable gale blew into our sails, the foam leaped from the bows, and we flew through the blue waters.

One evening, a group of us had climbed up the large boats which were piled in the centre of the upper deck, forward from the main-mast, and there seating ourselves, we watched with eager eyes the declining sun. The French soldiers enhanced the zest and the charm of the spectacle by their ingenious and even poetical remarks. The sun was going down before us, into the Mediterranean. Our faces and the fronts of our dresses were tinged with a warm and effulgent colouring. In every eye a setting sun was mirrored. We turned to each other, now and then, in order to take ourselves into the picture. Often had we seen that sight before, and each time with some new accessory of beauty. Sometimes we fancied we had beheld churches, and castles, and broad rivers, and orange groves surround, in the heavens, the last moments of the descending sun. But, on the evening of which I now speak, we were all entranced by the strange panorama of the sky. There was a town, like Montmirail, on a hill-side; and opposite arose a bold acclivity, crowned with a few trees. Cattle seemed to graze half way down. So striking was the resemblance, that an artilleryman exclaimed, "I am from Montmirail, and I think I see my native place again!"

Those who do not know how impressionable and imaginative are the French soldiery, will hardly believe what followed to have really occurred.

"'Twas the scene of a battle," said I.

"Of a victory, call it," replied the artilleryman. "The Emperor, in 1814, there defeated the Allies, for almost the last time: and," added he, while his eyes gleamed, and the colour deepened in his cheeks, "they seem fighting it over again—eh, camarades! Do you not see two armies on the crest of the hill, opposite the dear old town!"

Such was, in fact, the strange illusion of the scene, that the French soldiers at length, turning to each other, and laughing with delight, shouted, by a common impulse, "Vive l'Empereur!" 'Twas a moment of enthusiasm. For my part, I had not thought myself ever destined to hear that renowned war-cry; and I was charmed with my unexpected good fortune. The officers were hunderstruck at the sudden shout and still more at the words shouted; but when it was explained to them, they laughed most heartily. I fancied, too, that they fell to talking about past glories. I know, at least, that there was a sad interest in their manner.

As I was thus ruminating, a voice roused me from my reflections.

"Gentlemen," said a sailor, passing us, "to-morrow you will see Africa—we shall even arrive to-night."

It was now moonlight and we stretched ourselves on the decks. I was dreaming heaven knows what dream, when suddenly a loud and rude shout awoke me. "L'Afrique!" I started up, and beheld, for the first time, the mountainous coast of Oran. There were lights gleaming from a few windows, whose red curtains, illumined from within, looked astonishingly pretty in the grey morning.

CHAPTER III.

Oran has no harbour. The coast is iron-bound, and the seaport is at Mers-El-Kebir, about eight miles distant, on the Morocco side. What Sallust said of those shores, in the times of Caius Marius, and of Jugurtha, applies to them with almost literal accuracy even at the present day. "Mare sævum, importunosum." Seven hundred miles of a ruder coast are not easily to be found, although the experience of ages has discovered a few harbours not known to the Romans.

I had strapped my knapsack hastily on my shoulders at the cry of "Africa," and stood gazing on the steep shores, which seemed to approach us, growing larger and blacker. My first impression was how dark and savage, how exceedingly uncouth, and how adust, that lofty wall of coast appeared. If the

southern coast of England resemble cliffs of chalk, the northern one of Africa in that place is like a mountain of charcoal.

It was not four o'clock, and it was the last day of December; and yet the sun was rising. The remark of one of the French soldiers, as they were preparing to lower us into the boats, struck me: "There," said he, pointing to the sun, "is the real Abd-El-Kader!"

When you first approach some populous and thriving land, how gay the impression! and how gloomy were not the silence and desolation of that old shore! A few houses, with flat roofs, dazzling white, were reflected in the little bay, where three or four French vessels of war, with the tricolour hanging from their sterns, and about fourteen other ships, of various sorts and of various nations, floated. There were, apparently, more vessels in the harbour than houses in the town; or, rather, though the contrary was the case, they had an air of greater life. The arrival of seven hundred soldiers from France seemed to produce no sensation. Probably it was an event to which they were too much accustomed. Three or four custom-house men stared at us; but the only persons who evinced any great interest were some fifty or sixty convicts, who were working at a fort destined to command the bay, and to protect the rising town. How unhappy they appeared!—what wistful looks they threw upon the new comers! It reminded them, poor fellows, of the land from which they were themselves proscribed. They had a burnt air, and, indeed, the place where they were working was exposed to the full action of that frightful sun.

The first impressions of Africa—and first impressions sink deeply—were very gloomy. The sight of those poor convicts, the desolate air of the coast, the silence of all things, made me sad.

Then came the view of the first Arabs I had ever seen, their heads shaved to the skin, one long black lock excepted, on the very top of the skull (this they keep for Mahomet to catch, when they die, and to draw them by it into Paradise); then their faces, their dark gleaming eyes, their white drapery-looking dress, their bare legs, and their one bare and copper coloured shawl with the burnt air which they, in common with every other thing, animate and inanimate, wore,—all conspired to give me the idea of uncouth phantoms proper to be the demons of the hell into which I had descended.

But suddenly the scene improved. We had hardly landed, when we heard the galloping of horses' feet, and looking down the Oran road, which wound like a ledge between the sea and the mountains, with a rising precipice on the one hand, and a falling precipice upon the other, we saw approaching, on Arab steeds, some officers of the splendid regiment called the Hunters of Africa—"Les Chasseurs d'Afrique." What a relief to our wearied eyes was that graceful apparition! To complete the exhilaration, a brilliant fanfaronnade of the trumpet resounded from an eminence, and shook its bold music far and near over the waters.

I was told I might proceed alone to Oran, as I did not belong to the body with which I had sailed; and accordingly, with a sanguine heart, and hoping to be sent into expedition in a week at furthest, I started gaily forward. What a new world! How incongruous a spruce little French suberge appeared under the shadow of that mountain: this, however, did not prevent my entering to ask for refreshments. Half-way, between Mers-El-Kebir and Oran, there is a new and pretty house; it is an hotel and a bathing-place, called "Les Bains de la Reine." Before reaching it, I came to a spot where a convict was breaking stones on the road side. He would stop every moment in his work, and look wistfully over the sea in the direction of France. I asked him the precise distance to Oran five times without being able to draw his attention. At length he looked at me, but said nothing. It was the very stupor of misery and despair.

I walked hastily on, saw a magnificent castle (Spanish it is said) on my right hand, half-way up the mountain, and perceived on its summit a still older fortress, of heaven knows what date, in ruins; it must have been made for the days when artillery was unknown, for no cannons could be dragged so high; it would have been necessary to manufacture them in the castle itself. I met a few dark-looking phantoms, who were talking, in uncouth tones, the uncouth Arabic; and passing under a tunnel, excavated in the solid rock, and lit by reflectors, even during the day, I found myself descending a winding road, beneath a strong fort, into the singular town of Oran—a town where the prodigious variety of tribes and tongues, and the great number of warlike costumes, lend an extraordinary interest to the scene.

The flat-nosed and thick-lipped Negro, indigenous to the land—and son of Esau, the thin, gaunt, bright-eyed Arab, his conqueror—the polished Frenchman, conqueror of the latter—the unaffected, bold, busy looking, and frank-featured Englishman, who may yet be master—the Jew, in stately and embroidered robes, looking as if he were at home—the grave and somewhat indolent Spaniard, selling Seville oranges—the haughty and turbaned Turk, from Constantinople, lounging idly by—the well-made, earnest-faced Italian—the red-haired, scrofulous German—the graceful, lithe, and smooth-cheeked Greek—the chief arriving with his women, closely veiled, on camels, and himself riding a Barbary steed, at their head, a damascened dagger in his many-coloured girdle, and the hood of the white Bernous, bound with a brown riband round his head—the Colonel's daughter, leading in a silken cord a black-eyed gazelle as ladies do in Europe a King Charles puppy or a Blenheim lap dog—the turbaned Spahi, and the turbaned Zouave; the former beautifully mounted, and, though clad in fine linen and silk, looking the most warlike of the soldiers of France; the latter cased to his knees in yellow leathern gaiters, wearing red Turkish trousers, and flaunting in a bright-hued girdle and a braided sencer—the slight figure of some veiled woman, who carries from the fountain a pitcher on her head, so oriental, so scriptural in appearance—all these objects, and many more, lend to the steep streets of that town an appearance of immense bustle and of prodigious variety, furnishing topics for diversified meditation such as few other places in the world could excite.

At the entrance of Oran from the Mers-El-Kebir side, you must descend the final declivity of a vast and uncouth mountain. On this mountain stand the castle and the ruin under which you have already wound by the coast road, and you descend the final declivity to almost the very level of the sea, which is there restrained by a low barrier of rocks. Let me, in passing, observe that, notwithstanding the theory concerning the tides of the Mediterranean, and although I could myself see that the water did not greatly rise or fall, yet nowhere—and I have seen many shores—have I heard so tremendous a boom as on that coast of Oran; it is like the lowing of innumerable cattle. The sea here juts into the town, which in that low and hollow place makes a loop around it. The road accordingly turns to the right, then to the left, and runs through a small street, rising again out of the hollow into the Place Kleber. Before rising out of the hollow, it passes on the right hand a series of rocky caves, to the mouths of which massive doors have been appended; they are the stores of the town. In the Place Kleber two principal streets diverge; the one runs straight, and passing under an old archway, becomes a road, and

penetrates the interior of the country, having the vast mountain already mentioned on the right hand, and on the left a precipitous ravine, down the sides of which the lemon tree, blazing in its yellow fruit—the Barbary fig-bush, with its bloated and giant leaves—the palm-tree, its Elizabethan ruff round its stately neck, and dates in its hand—grow and redound. The palm-furze, the soldier's bed "en plaine," is also there, trying to look green, under the sun light. The other of the two great streets that leave the Place Kleber, turns round to the left, and ascends precipitously the main town, which is clustered on the summit of another mountain, not quite so high as that where stands the castle, and separated from it by the deep ravine mentioned.

Opposite to the street which thus ascends from the Place Kleber there is another portion of the town, where stand the hospital and the casaba, (the former said to be Spanish structure,) and where lives the British Consul. Into this portion of the town you can penetrate from the Place Kleber by a low winding archway, of antique and romantic air; fit scene of adventures, where you might fancy that Hidalgos crossed swords in Charles the Fifth's time, on some starry night. There are heraldic symbols carved on this, as on many another wall of Oran.

Once through this passage, you begin to ascend; and you reach a labyrinth of small and dangerous streets, on a table-land; thence there are further ascents, steep and uncouth, till you stand on a sublime eminence, a part of the great mountain. There you command a vast view, over land and sea, on every side, except that of Mers-El-Kebir, which the loftier portions of the very mountain that lays bare to your eye the other three-quarters of the compass, exclude. Descend again to the Place Kleber, and follow the street which mounts the opposite and lesser mountain. Before beginning the ascent, this street crosses the ravine by a sort of land swell. If you stand on this natural bridge without an arch, you will behold, on your left hand, the blue sea expand at the end of the ravine, and bathe the very foot of a noble Spanish structure, now used as a magazine; while, upon your right, the ravine itself steals away in capricious windings, until, finally, the hills close the prospect, and shut out the "plaine."

Following the street, you pass another splendid Spanish edifice, a castle, and climb to the Place Napoleon, which stands nearly at the summit. There the military court holds its state, and there the reviews are passed. Crossing this square, in which new and splendid buildings are rising, you leave the Jewish quarter to the right, on the very brink of the precipice, and you arrive, by a gentle acclivity, at the very summit of the lesser mountain. This is the loftiest spot in Oran. Here the wooden sheds, called the barracks of the foreign legion, and here their wide exercise grounds, surrounded by formidable ramparts, and commanded by a strong fort, in half repair, terminate the town.

Here swarm the demons who compose the foreign legion. It is they who fill the outskirts of Oran, and bid defiance to all the things that can come from the "plaine," which latter flows like a shipless sea around their quarters. It is a commodious locality, strong from its elevation, and facile to its occupants from its level and roomy surface. From this spot the view is superb—the town in all its diversity, the plain in its sinister silence, the sea in its beauty, are commanded in three glances.

Within cannon-shot of this eminence, are the very brink of the sea, and outside Oran, towards the east, are the cavalry quarters. Between that little fortified spot and Oran, chasseurs and spahis, on Barbary steeds, are galloping all day long; and, on the head of their line, there is a wide space, black from the tread of innumerable feet, like the fair-green of a country town in England. There the Arab caravans, when they arrive from Bone, from Constantina, from Tlemcen, from Mazagran, from Tunis, perchance from Egypt, pitch their tents and tie their camels.

It is a town of canvas outside a town of stone. It is a miniature Africa, gazing on a miniature Europe. There, all the starry night long, you hear the loud, hoarse, intermitted call upon the Prophet from some fanatical watcher—"Mahomet!" or "Mahmoud!"

In the distance, beyond the cavalry quarters, the continent runs far into the sea, and a mountain headland terminates the view.

OUTPOURINGS.

BY D. CANTER.

On entering the drawing-room in King Street one morning, I found Power fighting the air furiously with the poker. Dubious of his sanity, I paused on the threshold.

"Oh! come in," cried he, laughing. "Don't be afraid. I'm only rehearsing."

"Rehearsing?"

"Yes; a little part I expect to be called on to play in the course of the morning. There's a fellow going about—some reptile, belonging to a periodical just started, who's engaged to write our biographies. He called on C— yesterday for hush-money, and I've no doubt he'll be at me. If I find he means to attempt my life, I mean to return the compliment; so I'm just getting my hand in a little—ha! ha! ha! That's all."

It appeared that C— was at breakfast when a stranger was announced.

"Mr C—," said the latter, "I'm engaged to write your life in the forthcoming number of *The*—. Now, there are two ways of doing this. I can either write you up, or—"

"Or write me down, I suppose," said C—.

The stranger smiled, drew his chair closer, and whispered something into C—'s ear.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed C—, turning pale, "you wouldn't tell that! If it got into print just now I should be ruined—I should never be allowed to appear on the London boards again!"

Now, C— was, is, and always has been, a highly respectable man. But

"Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit."

There are passages in every man's life which, on the principle of the *three crowns*, may be represented to his prejudice. The stranger's whisper referred to some youthful peccadillo, venial enough in itself, but which C— saw, properly vamped up and peppered, might ruin him in the present state of public feeling, which, owing to circumstances, happened, just at that precise period, to run strongly against the stage and its professors.

"I've no wish to injure you, or hurt your feelings," resumed the stranger; "but my duty to the public—"

"What's your price?" interrupted C—, who saw the necessity of propitiating him. "How much am I to give you to suppress it?"

"Two hundred pounds!" returned the other, encouraged by C—'s fears. The amount startled C—. It recalled him to his better self. He did not now what he ought to have done the moment he comprehended the motive of

the man's visit—ordered him out of the house, and refused to give him one far thing."

C—mentioned the matter next morning to Sir Richard Birnie, adding, "I'd a great mind, Sir Richard, to have kicked the rascal out."

"Why didn't you?" exclaimed the indignant magistrate; "he'd have got no redress if he'd come to me."

One day I dined at Power's with Sharpe the artist, and Mr Stoddart, of Stiney. Stoddart, who had formerly been a bookseller in the Strand, gave us a very interesting account of his being robbed and detained by the bushrangers. While proceeding to a farm he possessed up the country, a voice hailed him from the bush. Bending on his saddle, he put spurs to his horse, when a bullet whistled over his head. Convinced, from the wretched state of the road, that he had no chance of escaping, he deemed it most prudent to pull up. Four ruffians now rushed from the bush and seized his bridle.

"You did right to pull up, Mr. Stoddart," said the ringleader, addressing him by his name. "The next shot must have floored you. I'll trouble you for what money you have about you. You've nothing to fear," continued he, when Stoddart had complied with this requisition. "We can't let you go yet, but we'll treat you civilly. And with this they led him a considerable distance through the bush to their bivouac, where they shared with him what provisions they had, besides giving him a glass of grog and a cigar.

These "minions of the moon" freely discussed their plans before Stoddart. They mentioned, without the least reserve, their intention of robbing this settler, burning out that, &c. &c. Nay, they even commissioned Stoddart to tell a neighbour of his, who had made himself particularly obnoxious to these miscreants, "that he was booked, and would get his gruel the first opportunity."

"We know we shall all be hanged, Mr. Stoddart," said the ringleader, at parting, "but we're resolved to lead a merry life, and enjoy ourselves while we can. But let those who meddle with or resist us, look to themselves. Good night!"

Sharpe mentioned Margate. He asked Power how his friend Weston was. "Oh! what, the King's tailor!" said Power, laughing. "Ay! you remember I used often to have a chat with him on the pier. Ha! ha! ha! Weston's veneration for George the Fourth was certainly most amusing—ha! ha! ha!—the oddest species of loyalty. 'Talk of the Duke of York!' he used to say, 'Phoo! what's the Duke of York, sir!—What's there in managing an army?—Any man can manage an army—there's nothing in that. But put a pair of shears into his hand, sir—just put a pair of shears into his hand, and let us see what he can do then! But the King, sir! The King, Mr. Power! There's a man! Ah! the King's got some nouse in him!—he's a genius!—he understands it!—he knows what's what, sir! Just put a pair of shears into his hand!—Just see him cut a wrinkle out! Why, he understands it, ay, almost as well as I do. Oh! the King's a genius, sir!—a very great genius! Why, now, if any misfortune was to happen to that man, Mr. Power, if he was obliged to work for his bread, I'd give him five, ay, six guineas a-week only to cut out for me!"

Sharpe painted humorous subjects with great ability. He liked good living, and his rubber; accompanied himself on the piano to comic songs of his own composition, and possessed an inexhaustible store of anecdotes and ghost stories, which latter he retailed with all the gusto of a true believer, to the inexpressible dismay of all the young ladies of his acquaintance.

One day Elliston with the two Smiths dined with Sharpe. His cellar waxed low, but his guests liked their wine. Sharpe scrawled with his pencil on a card, "Send for some port to the public-house—quick!" and slipping it into the servant's hand, whispered him to give it his mistress, who immediately dispatched the man for half a dozen of port, which arrived just as a fresh bottle was wanted.

"Now, fortune send they've drunk too much to find out the difference!" prayed Sharpe to himself, as he passed the bottle. "Of course it's regular black-strap. I'll not touch it myself if I can help it."

His guests drank—smacked their lips—drank again—and replaced their glasses. Sharpe's ears tingled—he sat upon thorns—he wished himself at the Antipodes! "They've found it out," thought Sharpe. "I shall never get over it—what a shabby dog they'll think me."

"Sharpe, you're a capital fellow!" exclaimed Elliston. "You ought to have your statue erected. Where did you get that wine? It's without exception the best of its kind I ever tasted."

"I was just going to make the same remark," said Horace Smith, holding up his glass to the light. "Did you import it yourself, Sharpe, or did you get it from Durrant?"

"Hope you've a full bin of it," pursued his brother James, after draining his glass; "ha! ha! ha! Any bin but the *has been*, you know. Eh, Sharpe! especially where such wine as this is concerned."

"Yes! I knew I should catch it—I knew I should get precious badgered about it," cried poor Sharpe, "but, the fact is—"

"Pshaw! toss off your wine, man, and pass the bottle," interrupted Elliston, impatiently. "I want another glass."

Sharpe obeyed, but, to his infinite surprise, found the black-strap most excellent claret!

Next morning he went to the public-house.

"Ah! I know what your come about, Mr. Sharpe," said the landlord as soon as he saw him; "you've come to scold me for sending you that sour port. But it wasn't my fault—it wasn't, indeed, sir. It was the only port I had, and I told your servant it wasn't fit for gentlemen to drink, but he said he must have it, sir, and so I gave it him."

"Where did you get it?" inquired Sharpe.

"At a sale, sir, I bought six dozen of it. But it's so plaguy thin and sour that none of my customers will drink it."

"Have you much left?" said Sharpe, carelessly.

"Nearly the whole lot, sir—I don't suppose I've used half a dozen bottles. It only does to make negus of. I only wish I could get somebody to take it off my hands, I know. He should have it a bargain."

"Well, I don't care if I take it," said Sharpe.

"You sir!"

"Yes, the fact is, that sort of light wine agrees with me."

In half-an-hour the whole batch was snug in Sharpe's cellar.

One night Sharpe was playing at loo with his brother Henry. He won every trick.

"Now, sing your song of triumph over me," said Henry, peevishly.

"I will," returned Sharpe, laughing. "I'll sing *Hal-I-loo-you*!"

I sometimes met Warde in King Street. Warde was a Bath man. His real name was Prescott. He was originally in the artillery; but his success as an amateur induced him to turn his sword into a truncheon, and adopt the stage as a profession, in which, with common prudence, he might have realized an

independence. Warde was at the head of second class tragedians. Though his features were *petits*, and his action somewhat formal, his person, on the whole, was good, and he declaimed finely. I thought his *Faulkland* excellent. With the exception of Young, I never saw an actor play that wayward personage better.

Practical jokes were sometimes played off upon Warde. One day he went down with Power and a large party to eat white bait at Greenwich. He had scarcely seated himself, when a gentleman, on the opposite side of the table, requested Warde would change places with him, as the light from the window hurt his eyes. Warde had no sooner complied with this requisition, than another gentleman from the bottom of the room, begged he might be permitted to sit next to his brother, who was on Warde's right, upon which our tragedian again shifted his seat.

"Warde!" shouted Power, who was in the chair, "you musn't sit there; you're in the draught, man! Here, come up here; we can easily make room for you!" and Warde, who dreaded catching cold, eagerly obeyed the summons.

Here, it was discovered that the sun must annoy him, and notwithstanding he declared he rather liked it than otherwise, he was once more forced to vacate his seat, and move to the opposite side of the table.

"My dear Warde," exclaimed G—, starting up, "I can't permit you to help that dish; you'll get no dinner. Allow me to take the trouble off your hands; I insist upon it!"

In vain Warde assured him the trouble was a pleasure; in vain he protested he liked carving above all things, and was tired of changing his chair; move he must. G—was inexorable—he made a point of it. The whole company seconded him, the president decided in his favour; and, in a word, under one pretext or other, these Don Pedro Positives obliged poor Warde to make the entire *giro* of the table before he could swallow a morsel.

Honest Bob C—! Who that visited in King street, has forgotten thee! Bob was an excellent companion, for he preferred listening to talking; and would sit for hours, no matter where, provided he had his tuppence. I shall never forget going to see Power play in the City,—where, Heaven knows, for I'm sure I don't; but the theatre had been a chapel, and Power's dressing-room was a sort of rhomboid under a staircase, in which every angle in the building seemed assembled in general congress. Power, dressed for Dr. O'Too's, sat wedged into a niche, with his hands on his knees, and his head held forward for fear of damaging his wig; a posture more convenient than elegant.

"Bob! hand Canter the porter," said Power.

"Bob!" echoed I, hitting my head against the ceiling. "Is Bob with you?"

And there, sure enough, in the angle formed by the stairs with the floor, Bob had ensconced himself, with a huge porter pot between his legs. Aye, and there, too, he would have remained till doomsday, always providing the afore-said pot had been regularly replenished.*

Bob had a legacy left him. The executor inquired what he intended doing with it. Bob didn't know—supposed he must purchase consols.

"I've a capital spec in view," said the executor, lolling against the chimney-piece. "Capital—I shall net fifty—ay, if I said seventy per cent. by it, I dare say I should speak within the mark."

"Dence, you would!" grunted Bob.

"You'll only get three per cent. in the funds," resumed the executor, after a pause; "only three."

"Only three," said Bob; "that's all."

"Mr C—" said the merchant, suddenly erecting himself, and seizing Bob's hand, "I've a regard for you, a very great regard indeed; And, to prove it, I'll do for you what I wouldn't do for my own brother; if you like to leave this money with me, you shall have a share in this speculation."

"You don't mean it!" said Bob, squeezing the merchant's hand in return.

"I do though—I'm quite serious," returned the latter warmly. "The fact is, Bob, you're a capital good fellow, and I'm glad in the opportunity of serving you: so say no more, say no more, my good sir. We'll consider the matter settled. Here, Mr. Allen! Show Mr. C— out, ha, ha, ha! good morning—business, you know;" and away went Bob, overjoyed with his investment.

A year—eighteen months—two years passed—and not a word of his venture. Bob thought he might as well inquire about it. Accordingly he repaired to the Austin Friars, and asked if Mr. D. was in.

"He is, sir," replied the clerk, with a smirk; "but he's engaged at present. Can I do your business for you, Mr. C—"?

"Why, I called about the speculation, which—"

"Ah! I see," interrupted the clerk: "that South American business—yes, yes, I understand. Allow me—a word, Mr. C—" and taking Bob out into the passage, he whispered in his ear, "Take my advice, and cut as fast as you can."

"Cut!" echoed the astonished Bob.

"Ay, and be sure you don't come again! The thing turned out a deal failure; and if you stir into the business, you'll have to cash up. Good morning!" And this was all Bob ever heard of his two thousand pounds.

Mrs. Holland, Lunt, the Carews, with many others connected with the arts and the press, visited in King Street, where, with the reader's permission we will now pass an evening.

Enter we two moderately sized drawing-rooms, conveniently rather than elegantly furnished, communicating with each other. That door leads into a small third room, dignified with the name of "Liberty," where Power does his writing; but it is carefully closed, you see, only a favoured few being admitted. There is some mystery in this. Those two full-lengths in the principal apartment are by Frazer; that on the left represents Power as *Captain Cleaveland* in "The Pirate;" the other, his lady—which is all we shall see of her, more's the pity—for this is a gentleman's party, about five and forty of whom, you see are already assembled. Those three *Merneilleux* on the sofa are members of "The Burlington," discussing the merits of the favourite, and the advantages of Melton. These are *la crème de la crème*,—the flower of the party! Observe what marked attention Power pays them; how he exalts in their presence! how happy it makes him! That handsome man with the ebony cane is D—ab—we. His family, for more than half a century, have held situations about the court. M—S—, who is seated next to him, will be a peer of the realm. His father, poor man, much against his inclination, has just been banished into the Upper House. B—r, to whom Power is now speaking, is de-

* Porter is a favourite beverage among artists, particularly foreigners. Many must recollect with what *gusto* Pasta seized the porter-pot after her grand scene in "Semiramide."

scended from a great legal functionary, and is to follow the law himself—let us hope, as successfully.

But how noisy that group, standing before the fire! how they wrangle! how they laugh! how they scatter the puns about!—ha, ha, ha!—You are right these are lawyers too, Templars, Lincoln's Inn men,—sharp dogs, merrie fellows, gentlemen to the back bone, the best and most intelligent companions in the world. There is the making of a chancellor among those wild slips.—But the door opens; some one enters. Who can this tall gentlemanly man in black be? As you observe, there is a modesty, a propriety in his demeanour which prepossesses you. Here's Power! I'll ask who he is. Ah, Stanfield! Indeed, I could have sworn it was somebody—

But hush! who runs through the chords in that masterly manner? 'Tis little Major; and little Major let me tell you, if you are fond of music, is worth listening to. Ah, he is going to accompany Poer. I see, the best amateur singer in England, except Mrs. Arkwright, poor Stephen Kemble's daughter. Ah! bravo! bravissimo! what execution! what splendid bass notes! Did you ever hear *Non più andrai* sung better? Deuce take it! what can they be about in that little study there? Saw you not how cautiously Power closed the door when he came out just now? * * * Ah! Abbott, Stansbury, and Paul Bedford! Then the theatres are over; and see, they are setting out the supper—not a formal affair of temples and waterfalls, with a dish of sweetened soapuds in the centre, but crabs, lobsters, scallops, anchovies, devils! a glorious army of STIMULANTS and PROVOCATIVES! served in profusion, and scattered hither and thither, as best suits the convenience and disposition of the company.

Let us join Stanfield and Paul Bedford at the little round table in the corner there! Lord! how droll Paul is! how adroitly he manages to catch the servant's eye! how kindly he caters for us! Stanfield is rallying him on his figure. He calls him a slip, a lath, a hobbledoy. Paul heeds it not; Paul is too busy; he sticks to his scallop with the devotion of a pilgrim; he quaffs his ale like a holy father! And why for no?—why for no? After taking care of others, it is but fair Paul should take care of himself. Besides, he has been delighting the public, he has been singing in "Massaniello," and singing and acting, let me tell you, my friend, is dry work.

What a forest of glasses! what hecatombs of havannahs they are placing on the table!—and see! see! the door of the little study opens, and—ha, ha, ha! ho! ho! what be these, my masters! What merry and diverting spectacle is this! As I live, a pageant! a right Bacchanalian pageant! So, so, so! It was for this, then, was it, that we were so carefully excluded! Really, B—r's jolly god is not amiss.

"Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shows his rose-pink'd face."

A foil, his Thyrsis; Dr. O'Toole's wig his chaplet; and Abbott—ha, ha, ha! only look at Abbott! How ludicrously he bounds onward, twanging that guitar to Handel's grand chorus, which Paul and Stansbury are burlesquing so gloriously; while Power brings up the rear with Stanfield, groaning beneath the weight of that huge vase, that seething cauldron which—may I die if it isn't filled with brandy punch! Oh! I'll swear it's brandy punch by the perfume it sends forth. They may well sing "The conquering hero!" Oh! if we're to drink all that, you know! why, it contains three gallons at the very least, my good sir!

This monster bowl being deposited on the table amid the cheers of the company, Abbott was installed in the chair.

"Gentlemen!" said Power, as soon as the glasses were charged, permit me to give you a toast, which I am sure, you will drink with pleasure. I have known William Abbott long—(hear, hear!)

Abbott.—Yes; and I hope you'll know William Abbott a little longer, especially if you brew such good punch as this, (a laugh)

Power.—Look at the man! (Everybody stares at the man, who tries to appear interesting.) Look at the man, I say!

Abbott.—Well, they are all looking at me. (Sips his punch.)

Power.—I repeat, I have known him long, and can conscientiously declare that he is, without any exception—(hear, hear!) without any exception, gentlemen—(hear, hear, hear!)—THE GREATEST VILLAIN UNHUNG—(Roars)

Abbott.—Oh, oh! what a shame! what a shame! I, really—

Power.—Gentlemen, the turpitude of that man's conduct is shameful—oh! shameful! no words could do justice to it—(Hear, hear, and laughter.)—The mischief he does is incalculable. Count the sands of the sea, the crimes of a Cataline, the potatoes in Convent Garden Market, but hope not, trust not, seek not, gentlemen to estimate the wickedness of William Abbott there!—(Cheers and Bravo!) Under these circumstances, gentlemen, as well-wishers of the community, gentlemen—(hear, hear, hear!)—as fellow-subjects, actuated by those feelings of justice and philanthropy which reign within this heart here—

Abbott.—That's the wrong side!—(A laugh)

Power.—I beg your pardon; nous avons changé tout cela. I feel convinced you will all most cordially join me in drinking "Confusion to William Abbott, and the sooner he is hanged the better!" (Roars, and cries of Bravo!)

All.—Confusion to William Abbott, &c. Hip! hip! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Air.—The night before Larry was stretched—POER.

Abbott (rising).—Gentlemen! for the honour you have done me—(roars)—after the eulogium that has been pronounced upon me—(roars, and cries of Ho, ho!) Eulogium, gentlemen! I repeat it! for when a man lives, as Tyrone Power does, "by the badness of his character—(roars, and hear, hear!)"—when every word, every syllable he utters, gentlemen, is the converse of truth—(Hear, hear, hear!)"—abuse becomes the highest panegyric!—(cheers, and bravo!)—the highest panegyric, gentlemen!—(Cheers, and Bravo again!)—Actors are proverbially modest—(a laugh)—and really, gentlemen, when I set and hear myself made out such

'an olio
Of perfection in folio,'

such a conglomeration of

'Sugar and spice,
And all that's nice,'

as the old song says, great as I am aware my merits are, I feel quite—(takes out his pocket handkerchief)—

Power.—Can any gentleman accommodate him with a smelling bottle?—(Roars, and cries of Order, order!)

Abbott.—Gentlemen, I will not trespass on your attention any further. I shall content myself with reciprocating your good wishes—(roars)—and conclude with the hope that that monster, that miscreant there—(pointing to Pow-

er)—may speak as ill of you all as he has of me, gentlemen!—(Cheers and laughter.)

After a glee, admirably sung by Poer, Stansbury, and Paul Bedford, Power proposed that we should all sing an extempore verse, commencing with the chairman, under the penalty of drinking a tumbler of punch, which, to the consternation of those whom "the gods," had not "made poetical," was agreed to.

Abbott had strenuously opposed this Cunning rogue! he was all the time, I suspect, concocting his couplets, which ran as follows:—

"I am averse to make a verse,
Because, d'y'e see, I can't;
But if I could, I'm sure I would,
But as I can't, I shan't."

☞ Hock and soda water in great request next morning!

NEW ZEALAND AND ITS ABORIGINES.

By William Brown, lately a Member of the Legislative Council of New Zealand. Pp. 320. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

New Zealand has long, and especially of late, attracted and deserved much of public attention; and after all that has been written and said about so important a colony, we are well pleased to see so sensible and temperate a volume upon it as the present. Mr. Brown is evidently a very intelligent individual, and has enjoyed ample opportunity to make himself intimately acquainted with the subjects on which he has written. Pointing out errors both on the part of our government and of the Company, he suggests practical measures to restore every thing to a proper footing; and he lays before us the statistics of commerce notices the religious feuds, and fully explains all the circumstances relating to the allotment of lands and other matters of policy which affect the general pacific settlement and future progress of the colony.

But these points have received so much parliamentary discussion, and some of them have been so modified and arranged by a recent agreement, that we will not raise them up again for statement in our page. Parties interested in them will do right to consult Mr. Brown's valuable work; and we shall sufficiently gratify our readers by extracting from it a few of the most novel particulars respecting the aborigines.

Next to the *tapu* [the *taboo* of Africa, which renders things sacred, and is a great governing principle and means], "deserves to be noticed their singular custom of robbing (the singularity rather consists in the occasion), and the *sang froid* with which the parties submit to be plundered. It is in fact the usual method of punishing all offences real or imaginary. There is certainly nothing new or extraordinary in depriving an individual or a tribe of their property, on the violation of any law or custom; but civilised people would certainly not voluntarily submit to such a loss; far less would they refrain from using every exertion to secrete as much of their property as the circumstances would admit of their doing. Not so with the New Zealanders, however; they will calmly and unconcernedly sit by and see themselves plundered of every thing. Nay, it is even customary to give the individual warning; but even then he will not put away his property, as this would be termed an act of cowardice. I knew a case where a party of natives went to rob a chief of the name of Koinaki, in consequence of his wife having committed adultery. On that occasion they took from him a fine double-barrelled gun (an article at that time in great estimation, and very expensive, worth from 10*l* to 12*l*), all his blankets, a trunk containing clothes, and other articles, he looking on calmly all the while; indeed, he was on the best of terms with them, and after the affair was over entertained them in his house for three days, the weather not permitting them sooner to depart. Robbing is a punishment for all description of offences: indeed, unless under peculiarly aggravated circumstances, a payment will compound for almost any offence, whether the culprit be a native or pakeha (as the white people are termed). In these robbing excursions they do not always confine themselves to the property of the offender, but constructively implicate the whole of his tribe, and indiscriminately carry off all they can find. I witnessed a practical illustration of this in the case of a tribe living a few miles off from the place where I resided. A young chief having taken undue liberties with the wife of another chief of the same tribe, the old chief Kanini assembled a few of his followers, and not only stripped the youthful delinquent but many others of his tribe, not omitting the injured husband himself. They carried off all the provisions that could be found, as well as three canoes. It is a common practice to rob a new-married couple immediately after their nuptials, and not unfrequently to give them a good beating into the bargain. It was at one time customary to rob a person on the occasion of any accident, such as his being burned, the bursting of his gun, &c. &c. Towards Europeans they adopt the same method of punishment; but they have not been able to get our countrymen to submit with a like good grace; they, of course, resisting whenever they can, and ill feelings are consequently engendered on the part of the English by the loss sustained, and the very natural supposition that the natives have some ill-will towards them. But such may not be the case. The natives think nothing of being robbed themselves, and do not appear to entertain the least anger towards each other on such occasions; and this should, therefore, be kept in view by the Europeans in judging of the conduct of the natives, of course it can never be respected that Europeans will be reconciled to such a perversion of the natural laws of men and rum, but it is at least so far gratifying to think that, in such cases, the natives may only be acting in strict accordance with their own customs, rude although they be, rather than from ill feeling towards the sufferers."

Their howling and weeping on all occasions, whether of mourning or rejoicing is a curious feature; and we are told:

"It is easily seen that they are only acting a part; and it is frequently ludicrous to observe the difficulty that some of them find in forcing out these crocodile-tears. A proof of this is seen in the immediate change which takes place in their appearance as soon as the 'tangi' is over, when they at once begin to laugh and talk with the greatest animation, thus precluding the supposition that they can have felt even the slightest emotions of grief. Show and ceremony appear to be a main feature in the native character; so much so that even grief is universally simulated. The only wonder is, that vanity should lead them to the affectation of such a noble and refined feeling as sympathy; and it affords the most unequivocal evidence of the superiority of the New Zealanders, and their susceptibility of the highest improvement. They think the white people cold-hearted; and say, that when they meet they show no more regard for each other than so many dogs. In stature, the New Zea-

* This species of persiflage was much in vogue at Power's, Don Trueba's, &c.

landers are rather above the middle size, and some are very tall—six feet to six and a half. They are very muscular and well formed. Very many have mild, pleasant, and highly intelligent countenance, and their predominant feelings are easily distinguished. This is owing, in some measure, to their being less accustomed to conceal their feelings than people more civilised; doubtless, in a still greater degree, to the natural conformation of their minds. The slaves have a very different appearance. They seem formed of far inferior materials; the very texture of their skin is coarser. Neither are they so tall and well proportioned, though they are more muscular. Their countenances are much less expressive, clearly denoting that they are much more beasts of burden, and less accustomed to mental exertion. Of course, this is no more than the circumstances would lead a person to expect. Slavery produces its natural results in New Zealand, as well as in other places. The poor slave labours that his master may live in idleness, and give him leisure to expand his mind, and enable him, by his superior knowledge, to bind the fetters of his slave the faster. It is due to the New Zealanders, however, to state, that they behave, in general, with great kindness and consideration towards their slaves, who enjoy the utmost freedom, frequently possessing land as well as their master. Indeed, he freely distributes his land amongst them. Well knowing that his interest and power lies in conciliating their good will. It should be remarked, this description of the degraded appearance of the slave-class only applies to a certain portion, for many of them having been taken in war, and from being chiefs themselves reduced to a state of slavery, are in every respect equal to their present masters.

"The New Zealanders do not seem to possess the domestic affections in an eminent degree. In general they appear to care little for their wives. Not that they are unkind to them, or that they deem them inferior and therefore not worthy of attention, but it seems to result rather from a want of that sympathy between the sexes which is the source of the delicate attention paid by the male to the female in most civilised countries. In my own experience, I have only seen one instance where there was any perceptible attachment between husband and wife. To all appearance they behave to each other as if they were not at all related; and it not unfrequently happens that they sleep in different places before the termination of the first week of their marriage. It is a very rare occurrence indeed for husbands and wives to quarrel, and still rarer for a husband to beat his wife. They have no courtship, nor any marriage ceremonies beyond the mere conducting of the lady by her lover to his hut. A chief can, in effect, take any unmarried female he may choose. Their laws do not openly acknowledge his power to do so, but they permit him to take her by force if he can, and she then becomes his lawful wife. If she, however, is aware of his intentions and does not think proper to yield, her friends will protect her as far as they can. Parents not unfrequently betroth their children in infancy, and a woman in such a case becomes tapped to her future husband, and to him alone; nor can any other person make proposals to her even though he should die—a law which has a considerable influence on the population. In these cases of forced marriages, the females are not beaten or maltreated as the New Hollanders are under similar circumstances. On obtaining his wife it is a common practice for the husband to make a present to her parents, whether the marriage has been a forced or a voluntary one. The slaves are allowed to marry as they please, but they are not permitted to take wives by force, this privilege being reserved for their masters alone. Wives are usually chosen from a different tribe, partly from inclination, and partly with a view to the increase of the power and influence of the individual, as the husband is always considered to belong to his wife's tribe, and may rise from inferior to superior rank accordingly. A chief is permitted to have as many wives as he thinks proper, a license which is very generally taken advantage of. The Christian natives have been induced to put away all the supernumeraries; indeed, some of them have become such sincere converts as to preach as well as practice the duty of entire celibacy. However many wife a chief may have, there is always one amongst them who is the favourite or wife in chief; or should rival claimants divide the empire, separate establishments will be provided for them. In this there may seem to lurk the seeds of jealousy; but the wives appear to make no objection to the number of their competitors; not because they cannot prevent it, but because they are destitute of those feelings which characterize the female of other countries. Chastity is not deemed one of the virtues; and a lady before marriage may be as liberal of her favours as she pleases without incurring censure. After marriage, however, she becomes tapped to her husband, and must be faithful to him. Even when unfaithful, she may frequently escape punishment, unless it can be made to appear that she was the seducer, a point on which they are very particular. Should her husband not punish her, however, or at least make a pretence of doing so, the tribe will rob him as well as the adulterer. Sometimes in a fit of rage the offended husband will shoot the man who has injured him, but in general the offence can easily be compounded for.

"Both men and women wear ear-rings. The description most prized are sharks' teeth, which they attach with a piece of black ribbon; but all sorts of things are converted to the same purpose,—buttons, buckles, beads, &c. Generally they ornament but one ear in this way, reserving the hole in the other for their tobacco-pipe when not using it, which, to be sure, is very seldom, as smoking is universal, and almost continual both with men and women. I have even seen infants, not able to walk, with a pipe in their mouths. Tobacco being so much used, it might be expected that their teeth would become discoloured; but such is not the case, for they have beautifully white teeth—the result no doubt of a sound digestive apparatus. The women are not held in bondage, but have a share of influence corresponding with the natural strength of their characters. The chiefs' wives are not expected to do any work beyond what their own inclinations may suggest. The cooking, fishing, planting, &c. is performed by the slaves, and divided pretty equally between the males and females. Women arrive very early at maturity, and as early become old and withered. They frequently marry at the age of eleven. Love of children is not a prominent feature of the New Zealand character. Children are certainly treated with great kindness and forbearance; indeed, they are very rarely corrected; but mothers shew none of that doting fondness for their offspring almost universal among the females of other climes. This is strikingly proved by the absence of all those little wiles and endearments which a fond mother lavishes on her offspring. But if the New Zealand mother be deficient in the little arts of amusing her children, they themselves stand in less need of them than the infants of other countries; not being of that mischievous, restless, and unmanageable disposition which characterises other children; but from infancy manifesting the quiet and tractable temper which distinguishes the full-grown man. If children are not here treated with intense affection, they are at least the objects of great consideration. Boys are chiefly under the care of their father, and he will talk and be-

have towards them as if they were full-grown men. Even in great assemblies of the chiefs children may be seen sitting as quietly, and apparently listening with as much attention, as their parents. They will frequently (but without interpreting the proceedings) ask questions, which will be answered with as much respect as if propounded by old men. The nature of the children, not less than the treatment of them, tends to render them very precocious mentally as well as physically. Children of three and four years old may be seen by themselves paddling and managing their canoes with great dexterity. But a stranger will be still more amused with the coolness with which these children will ask him if he is married, and inquire the number of his wives; and should the individual not be happy enough to possess any, the next question would be, if he is not *mate mate* (sick) for one. The peculiar regard which they manifest towards their children seems to be the result of the general kindness of their own nature rather than any special affection for them. Women sometimes suckle dogs and even pigs, for which they shew as much affection as they do for their own offspring."

These brief quotations must suffice to afford an idea of the volume; which we again cordially recommend to the public.

RAMON DE NARVAEZ.

When Solon was asked if the Constitution which he had framed for the Athenians were the best, he replied, "In the abstract, most certainly not; but it possesses the relative merit of being the only one fitted for the singular people for whom it was intended."

From this observation of the Greek philosopher, we may draw a deeply important and practical lesson, viz.: The danger of a too rigorous adherence to abstract principles in politics; and, again, how much there is in the nature of things and the welfare of nations which renders it imperative to modify their political and social organization in ratio to the peculiar phasis of civilisation under which they are existing, and with a due regard to a thousand other circumstances by which they are distinguished.

Whether arising from original organization, or from what other cause, we venture not to determine; but this much is certain, that, if history be studied with attention, we shall discover that, amidst the great occasional variations produced by secondary causes, there has always existed a marked and distinctive type of character in the various races of mankind, and which, under the ever-varying circumstances, the constant change, that fundamental principle alike of the natural and the political world has been constantly preserved—a type which should never be lost sight of by the legislator, inculcating as it does the extreme folly and great danger of forcing upon one race a peculiar form of government and institutions fitted for another. If examples were requisite to illustrate this truism, we need only point to the present condition of the *ci-devant* colonies of Great Britain and Spain on the American continent. In the north, under free institutions, the Anglo-Saxon race has displayed a vigorous growth and rapid march of empire, unparalleled in the history of the world; but in the south, how widely different have been the destinies of the Iberian race—of those states of the New World which an enthusiastic dream taught Canning to believe he had called into political existence to counter-balance those of the Old. From the first moment that they threw off their allegiance to the mother country, and madly tried the experiment of self and popular government, they have constantly exhibited to the world the melancholy spectacle of the fantastic whimsies of monkeys rather than the acts of beings who dignify themselves with the appellation of rational. In fact, every species of moral desolation and corruption has poured upon them, until the feeble restraints of order and decency were insufficient to arrest the progress of that degenerate spirit which has sacrificed every consideration of honour and patriotism to the base gratification of personal interest.

Equally fatal has proved in the mother country the attempt to naturalise on her political soil the free institutions of France and England. We are aware it may be alleged that a long continuation and all pervading despotic administration has allowed no room for the formation of political habits and the growth of political experience; and hence the immense difficulties which beset the path of the legislator in a country where every useful establishment requires an innovation, and where every innovation sacrifices a pre-existing interest. But while allowing all due weight to this observation, we conceal from ourselves that the real cause, the *"fons et origo"* of the unsuccessful result of the great political problem which has now been in process of solution for nearly half a century, must be attributed to the marked attributes of a particular race which so strongly mark the Spanish people. Frank and impetuous, open to every impression, intelligent, vain, frivolous, and ferocious, the Spaniard is incapable of long and well sustained energy of action, and constantly evinces a marked repugnance to ideas of discipline and order. European in manner, but Oriental in mind, he exhibits, in its highest expression, the originality and individualism of the Asiatic, but never that steady spirit of association which so distinguishes the Germanic race—the unalterable basis of free institutions and representative governments.

How graphically does one of the profound observations which Cervantes puts into the mouth of his hero, shadow forth the contemporary history of his unfortunate country:—"Si no dime? No has visto tu, Sancho, representar alguna comedia donde se introducen, reyes, emperadores, y pontifices, caballeros, damas, y otros diversos personajes. Uno hace el ruñán; otro, el embustero, esto el mercader, aquel el soldado; otro, el simple discreto, y acabada la comedia, y disnudándose de los vestidos della quedan todos los recitantes iguales."

During the last twenty years, Spanish history has in fact exhibited all the meretricious glare, the rapid transition of the stage; but the scenes enacted have displayed rather the low buffoonery, the wild extravagancies of a travestissement, than the moral dignity and stern majesty of the regular drama. Thus, Constitution has supplanted Constitution—Queens, Regents, Ministers, and Generals have passed rapidly before us, like the shadows which the magic lantern projects on the wall; and after strutting their brief hour on the stage, have sunk back into that well merited obscurity, from which, for the honour and happiness of their country, the major part ought never to have emerged. The revolution in Spain has swept over the surface of society like the ruthless simoon of the desert—turned everything upside down, brought up the dregs to the surface, and, from the endless succession of deplorable mediocrity which it has displayed, has so blunted the national perception of right and wrong, so debased their standard of comparison, that success alone, in their estimation, has become the only test of merit.

It is a singular feature in the modern annals of Spain, that during the last half century, although it has been the theatre of some of the fiercest struggles which have agitated Europe, it has produced no great man in any one department, with the solitary exception of Zumalacaregui. An iron inflexibility and firmness of character that steadily pursued its end, with reckless indifference

to the means of accomplishment—active, indefatigable, and profoundly skillful in creating, and organizing the means of action, in appealing to the national feelings, prejudices, and interests of his countrymen—enterprising and brave in the field, fertile in conception, rapid in execution, and favoured by the prestige of his splendid successes—this extraordinary man acquired an influence which after his death, no other chief attained, or even approached; and certainly, when we impartially consider the point from which he started, and what he accomplished by the means created by his genius alone, Zumalacarreaguy affords a striking example of what the human will is capable of achieving when its energies are directed to the attainment of a particular object. Amid that dreary waste of talent and genius—political or military—which the events of the last twenty years have exhibited in Spain, Zumalacarreaguy stood out alone in bright relief. From this moral and intellectual gloom, his genius burst forth like the single star of evening, which is sometimes beheld shining in bright but solitary loneliness in a summer's sky. Had he lived, the destinies of Spain might have been changed, and Ramon de Narvaez have furnished no materials for the pen of the biographer.

Ramon de Narvaez, whose star has attained a meridian height on the political horizon of Spain, is descended from one of the most ancient and illustrious families of Andalusia—one that glories in the antiquity of its pedigree, and boasts that its pure old Christian blood has floated down in a direct stream unpolluted by Hebrew or Moorish infusion—"Cristiano viejo, rancio, limpio de toda mala raza y mancha,"—a family whose lofty deeds against the Moslem invader have been celebrated alike in the pages of history, poetry, and romance. An old Spanish proverb consecrates as only three the legitimate careers of a gentleman—Iglesia, Mar, y Caza Real: the last was selected for the young Narvaez, who entered the army at the early age of thirteen. Even in those countries in which education has received its highest development at that tender age, rudiments of knowledge are but superficially implanted in the mind. Some estimate may therefore be easily formed of the education which Narvaez had received on quitting the paternal roof, in a country in which a dreaded tribunal had long directed its terrible energies against everything that was calculated for the development of mind,—where books, not simply on religion, but on law, politics, and history, were forbidden fruits; so that the higher classes of society were limited to an education hardly superior to that enjoyed by their domestics.

It was in the rough school of the world, amid scenes of civil strife and commotion, that the education of Narvaez was formed. An ultra-liberal in politics, Narvaez distinguished himself in the war of 1823. On the capture of General Gurrea, to whom he was Aide-de-camp, he was appointed to the Staff of Mina, with whom he remained until the termination of that disastrous struggle. Deprived of his military grade, Narvaez passed some years in retirement, devoting himself to the peaceful occupation of agriculture. Re-admitted to the ranks of the army as a Purificado, under the administration of Calomarde, he never for a moment disguised his principles; and on the famous revolt of the Royal Guard in Madrid, he took the popular side of the question. When Santos Ladrón raised the standard of revolt in the northern provinces, he joined the army of the north, and some time after was appointed Chef d'Etat Major to Mina. On the retirement of that General from the command, he was named Colonel of the Princeza Regiment, one of the finest in the Spanish service. At the head of that corps in the general action of Arlaban, in January, 1836, he was severely wounded.

Promoted on the field by Cordova, for his distinguished gallantry, to the rank of Brigadier General, he was shortly after removed to a command in La Mancha which province he succeeded in clearing of the predatory Carlist bands by which it had been so long infested. But it was his success against the celebrated Gomez, with whose force, by a rapid and well-combined march, he came up and completely dispersed at Los Arcos, that raised the prestige of his fame. Against his active and indefatigable adversary Gomez found his position in the south untenable, and commenced that extraordinary retreat which at the time created so profound a sensation in Europe. Charged subsequently with the organization of the army of reserve, he displayed what may be done by talent and activity even in Spain. When the force was at length ordered to join the army of the north, Narvaez, on reaching Alcala de Henares, instead of proceeding northwards suddenly wheeled up on Madrid. Whether induced by the vanity of exhibiting this creation of his own to the court and capital, or whether he acted on secret instructions from Queen Christina, is difficult to determine, but it produced a mortal feud between Espartero and Narvaez, which has exercised so marked an influence on the destinies of Spain. Narvaez, at the head of a force which his genius had called into existence, even as Minerva sprang, all armed from the brain of Jupiter, entered the capital by the gate of Alcala; and the population of Madrid beheld with mingled feelings of admiration and astonishment the steady formations, admirable organization, and perfect equipment of these young troops, who, in soldierly appearance vied with the oldest regiments of the Spanish army. On its joining the army of the north this force was broken up by order of Espartero, and incorporated in the armies of the north and centre. Stung to the quick, Narvaez retired in disgust, and some time afterwards, in conjunction with General Cordova, he headed a revolutionary movement in the south, which hurled him from Spain. After sojourning some time at Gibraltar he repaired to Paris, and became the soul of all the intrigues of which the Palais Elysee Bourbon was the centre. When at length all was prepared for unseating the Regent, Narvaez repaired to the frontier, and, on the wings of treachery and disaffection, was borne in triumph to Madrid.

Narvaez is in his 48th year, and above the middle height. His dark sallow countenance is marked by the traces of fierce passions and the rude fatigues of the camp. His manners, too, are more distinguished by the energetic brusqueries of the bivouac, than the fine polish of the court. Far above the general standard of his countrymen, if not a great, he is at least a remarkable man. He possesses in an eminent degree the most essential qualities of a General, firmness and decision of character,—but his tactical and strategic combinations have yet to prove him a great Captain.

Such has been the career of the present quasi Dictator of Spain. Passion, singleness of purpose, and recklessness of means, impart even to men of moderate intellect both vigour in action and the appearance of great mental powers. This observation may with justice be applied to Narvaez. But if he has not displayed that cool and consummate prudence which in its transactions with mankind nicely calculates the weight of interest, of passion, and of opinion, that profound sagacity which so well knows how to employ the most different means for the accomplishment of the same ends, it must be allowed that since his last appearance on the political stage, he has displayed an undaunted bravery and inflexible resolution, an iron tenacity of purpose, a force of character, without which, in the struggle for empire, even genius itself is powerless, which has borne down every obstacle, and by transferring into the civil admin-

istration of the laws the stern discipline of the camp, has locked for a while the wheel of the revolutionary chariot. But will this state of things endure in a country which presents to the eye of the philosophical observer the crater of an exhausted political volcano? Will Narvaez continue much longer to ride on and direct the whirlwind of revolution? So impossible is it to discover the future in the various phases with the Spanish revolution has presented that we venture not on a problem the solution of which Europe has hitherto sought for in vain. But there is an invisible but all-pervading influence, which hangs over the head of Narvaez, like the sword of Damocles, which engenders the sickening necessity of flattering those the most feared and hated,—a danger that presses equally from every part of the political circumference, from the ranks of both friends and foes. And this is that lust for place, rendered more intense in its action in a country which comparatively affords so limited a field for human exertion,—a struggle not confined to ministerial candidates or members of the legislature, but which descends to the humblest offices, and thus perpetuates passions which keep this unfortunate people eternally oscillating between a "Viva" and a "Muera." Here is the great danger impending over Narvaez; and on the wisdom and sagacity he displays in dealing with it will his future tenure of power depend.

As we have said the revolutionary movement in Spain has brought up the dregs to the surface. With the solitary exception of Narvaez himself, who was at the time only a Brevet-Colonel, O'Donnell, Mezaredo, the two Conchas, Pezuela, Shelly, Cotoner, in fact, all those who are now in place, or invested with high military command, were, so recently as ten years ago, Captains and Subalterns. Will this example be thrown away on such of their contemporaries whom the blind caprice of Fortune still retains at the foot of the ladder of ambition? No; if this ever restless and turbulent spirit be not kept under by an iron arm, every attempt to tranquillize the country will be in vain, and tranquillity is the fundamental condition of Spanish regeneration.

Unfortunately the revolution has weakened the force of old traditions, withered every revered conviction, swept away every time honoured land-mark, shaken the monarchical principle to its very foundation,—by the unhallowed hands of a Jewish Prime Minister her church revenues have been confiscated, almost for the sole benefit of a few Hebrew capitalists,—her priesthood doomed to penury and want, and more than once butchered by scores to make a popular holiday, leaving in the place of this universal destruction and desolation, "un papelito," as the sound sense of the Spanish people has long ago discovered the Constitution to be,—a wild undigested theory of government, so totally unsuited to the habits, manners, and prejudices of the nation, that every attempt made since the year 1812 to practically illustrate it has proved a signal failure. The contemporary history of Spain has triumphantly proclaimed this great political truth,—that free institutions are either the greatest of all blessings or the greatest of all curses, according to the race on whom they are conferred. As the great Montesquieu so profoundly observes, "Pour les meilleures lois il faut que les esprits soient prepares." Political liberty, that direct influence which a people exercises on the Government of a state, is not an indispensable condition of its happiness or greatness; on the contrary, when the political education of the people is but imperfectly developed, it has ever proved a gift as fatal as the fabulous box of Pandora.

Narvaez has accomplished much,—but much more requires to be done,—to justify his self-conferred title of the Napoleon de la Situation. He must be prepared, like his great prototype, to endow his country with a vigorous and enlightened despotism,—a Government like that of Prussia, that gives everything to its people but political liberty,—a prerogative for which the present race of Spaniards is totally unfitted,—in fact, a form of Government that will develop to their fullest extent the various faculties of the nation, all the qualities peculiar to each, and afford the best prospect of securing for the people the highest results of an enlightened government and improving civilization, the amelioration of the state, and the improvement of the individual character. In Spain the surface alone is corrupt, the heart of the nation is sound and full of promise.

And here a few observations on the railroad schemes in Spain, which have of late been caught up with such unreflecting avidity by the English public, may not be considered out of place. As a government measure, as the means of diverting the public mind in Spain from those channels of anarchy and revolutionary strife through which it has so long flowed, into the more peaceful paths of social industry in all its various branches, it is one much to be desired. But, unfortunately, a general, or even a partial system of railway communication in Spain is at present utterly beyond the pecuniary resources of the Government. If carried into execution, by foreign capital alone can it be effected; and it is under this point of view relatively, rather than in the abstract, that we shall consider the question.

We will suppose, for the sake of argument, that the political horizon of the Spanish Peninsula is as clear and unclouded as that of the most favoured countries in Europe. We will again suppose that the physical configuration of the country, one of the most mountainous on the face of the globe, presents to the labours of the engineer a perfect *tabula rasa*,—that travellers proceeding to the East will prefer embarking at Southampton, four or five days' tossing in the British Channel and the Bay of Biscay, with the subsequent discomfort of a journey across Spain, to the more convenient routes afforded by France and Germany to the Mediterranean and the Adriatic. But, after charitably allowing all this, where, we venture to inquire, unless the projectors of the schemes possess the faculty of, like Cadmus, converting stones into men, where we repeat the question, in the country itself, will be found those various elements, social, agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial, by which the proposed gigantic system of railway communication for Spain is to be alimented, and to

* The great elevation and transversal direction of the five great mountain chains which divide the Spanish Peninsula into so many zones, produce a variation in the level of the country that has hitherto opposed almost insurmountable obstacles to the construction of roads and canals. Madrid stands at an elevation of two thousand feet above the level of the sea. Yet, from this point to Avilez, on the Asturian coast, across the great Cordillera of the Pyrenees, with its secondary and tertiary chains at least forty miles in breadth, the lowest passes of which are at an elevation of two thousand feet, a company has been formed for carrying a railway, the normal condition of which is the level and the straight line. Admitting that to modern science, physical obstacles are rather relative than absolute, a mere question of the skillful graduation of the means of execution to the elements of resistance, in the present case, the means of execution placed at the disposition of the engineer would need to be the revenue of the American Incas at their most flourishing periods, and the swarming myriads of Xerxes, and all this to construct a railway through a line of country along the greater part of which the population barely averages three hundred souls to the square league. "Risum teneatis."

produce results, as set forth in the manifesto of one of those projects hitherto not realized by railways in the most favoured countries in Europe? Considered as a human conception, as a means to a particular end, as exhibiting the classical application of the great principle of stock-jobbing science, the *quocun-que modum rem*, these schemes are models of their kind. But considered intrinsically, as profitable fields of investment to the foreign capitalist, we have no hesitation in pronouncing them to be the most outrageous fictions, the wildest delusions, which have ever been thrown out as a bait to tempt the insatiable cupidity of the present furor of speculation,—a state of things which will be followed by a fearful reaction, that will shake the monetary and commercial worlds to their very foundation and carry ruin and misery through every rank of society. But Cassandra-like, we raise our voice in vain. *Sed tempus veniat*,—the time will come! and that, too, ere the revolution of many months, when the deluded speculators will awaken from their golden dream, and discover, when too late, that the value of their Spanish railway shares may be expressed by that phantasma of the algebraist—a quantity less than nothing!!

"O Cives, Cives, quærendæ pecunia primum est.
Virtus post nummos."

THE PARTITION OF AN ISLAND BETWEEN TWO GREAT NATIONS.

[The following humorous account of a territorial division between contending nations, is translated from a French periodical, and perhaps our readers may not think it *mal-à-propos* to set it in an English dress.]

In the year 1648, whilst Europe, torn for a century and a half by wars carried on from one end of the old world to the other, at length sought repose, and sent plenipotentiaries from all parts to the village of Munster to negotiate a peace, at the same moment but at a distance of two thousand leagues from that village and its excited population, the representatives of two great nations met, in the midst of a world of waters, with scarcely less solemnity, for the purpose also of arriving at a mutual understanding. The place of meeting was a hill beaten by the sea waves, and commanding a horizon of prodigious extent. The attention of the ambassadors, who came upon the ground about sunrise was at first wholly taken up with the sublime spectacle spread before their eyes. Both on the right and left there was the glittering ocean, upon whose surface of fire many islands of the Archipelago, wrapped in the blue haze of distance, were scattered. One by one, from east to west, were they touched by the solar rays, and awakened like a troop of nymphs from their slumbers.

The ambassadors approached, the conference began—a grave and delicate negotiation. In fact, it was no less than the apportionment between France and Holland of the island of St. Martin, a plot of *terra firma* four leagues by three. France was represented on this elevation (since called Concord Height) by four of her sons; namely, a captain who had lost his regiment in these remote latitudes, a Gascon turned planter, and two friends who were independent gentlemen. Holland was represented by four Dutchmen, of whom one had made a considerable fortune by selling beer to the others.

After some formal preliminaries, the discussion became lively enough.

"Talk of concessions made by Holland, forsooth!" cried the French captain; "concessions, indeed! it is France who, in her generosity, has been inclined to grant them to you; for were we not in this island before you?"

"Certainly not," said the Dutchman stiffly.

"What! have you forgotten our astonishment when we first discovered you here?"

"Our surprise was quite as great as yours."

"We believed ourselves to be the sole occupants of the island. We settled on the northern part, built houses, planted the flag of France on a height; we were contented and happy; when, behold! one morning, urged by the ardour of the chase, we crossed for the first time a mountain that separated us from the southern part of the island. Imagine our surprise when we found you settled just as comfortably as ourselves."

"Very true," said the Dutch leader; "and you can readily believe that our astonishment was not a whit less than yours, when all of a sudden we saw you descend the mountain with that easy air that people wear who think themselves at home."

"Well, well; but what passed at our first interview?"

"You demanded what we did here. We replied it was our colony."

"Your colony!" you exclaimed; "just climb to that mountain-ridge and you will see another colony, and what is more, with our flag."

"We climbed the mountain," said the Dutchman, "and we found in truth on the other side three vessels and a flag."

"Exactly."

"Exactly; you had seen as much on our side."

"Yes; but which of the two nations arrived here first; that is the point. There can be no doubt that we did; for who expressed the greatest surprise at seeing the other? Surely we did."

"So, gentlemen," retorted the Dutchman, "it pleases you to say. But we can assure you that our amazement was just as great as yours, only we are not in the habit of expressing our feelings so noisily as you are. That was all the difference."

"Truly you are a phlegmatic people!"

"Phlegm, let me tell you, sir, is indicative of a landed proprietor."

"What have you to say, then, to the fort? Ours is already constructed, beside the flag."

"Just what we ourselves have done."

"This state of things, however, France cannot put up with; and it is to have an end of these disputes that we have here assembled. We must now settle the matter once for all."

"We must settle the matter by all means. Holland cannot consent to occupy an equivocal position. In everything we like to know whether we stand on our head or our heels."

"There seems to be only one method of arriving at that piece of knowledge," replied the captain; "you are four, so are we. Let us fight, and the victors shall be masters of the island."

"And this you style the generous concessions of France?"

"Well, have you any better plan? If so, let us hear it."

"It seems to us that there are simpler plans than the one you have proposed—an equal partition, for instance. You occupy the north of the island, we the south. Good; let each remain at home, and, instead of fighting, as if we were hostile armies, instead of ruining ourselves by building useless forts, let us live in peace, and establish between ourselves a great system of commerce. Will not that be better, gentlemen, than cutting one another's throats? We happen to have just now some capital beer to sell. What do you say to that?"

"How do you sell it?"

"Oh, we are content with a moderate profit."

"Well, well, we will talk that matter over hereafter. If, however, we found two neighbouring empires, there remains an important question to settle—what shall be our frontier lines? It will of course be absolutely necessary to determine that point; else how shall we know where to erect our custom-houses?"

"True, true," replied the Dutchman; "we must certainly fix upon a boundary."

"Well, then, we will tell you a very simple mode of doing that. You see we are standing on the north coast. Do you turn to the left, and, keeping along the shore, march right onwards. We will start in the other direction. In this way we shall pass round the island, and meet again on the other side. We will then draw a line from the hill where we now are to the place of meeting. This will divide the island into two parts: you shall have one, and we will take the other."

"A very ingenious scheme," said the Dutchman. "We agree to your proposal. Your course is to the right, ours to the left. As the sun has attained no great height, we will, if you please, begin the perambulation at once."

"Very well; so here we are off."

The two parties then separated, and with mighty solemnity they set out on their respective ways. They were scarcely at the foot of the mountain where the conference had taken place, before the Frenchmen set up a shout of laughter. "Now I will wager," said the Gascon planter, "that those fat Dutchmen are at this moment bearing themselves with all the gravity of a priest carrying the host. I should like to have a peep at them. What do you say to our climbing the hill once more? We shall have a jovial ten minutes in looking at them from the top."

"But don't you see that they will be gaining ground all the time!" retorted the captain.

"Bah!" said the Gascon; "cannot we have a run afterwards, and so make ourselves even with them? Come let us go back."

"Faith no," said the captain; "the hill is somewhat steep. I have not the slightest inclination to climb it again."

"Well, I confess I should like to see them. You won't have anything to say to the hill; now suppose we run forward as fast as we can? We shall then surprise them in the midst of their ceremonious airs. How we shall enjoy the sight!"

"No, no, we must not play them a trick. If they walk, we have no right to run."

"Pooh! what matters it? In the first place, no pace was stipulated on. In the second, if we obtain a territory twice the size of theirs, where is the harm? Do not the French move about twice as fast as the Dutch, and ought they not therefore to have twice as much space? In strict justice we ought to have two-thirds of the island."

"Very well then, let us run."

Bursting with laughter, the four Frenchmen immediately set forward at a rapid speed, and after moving at this accelerated pace about half an hour, all of a sudden, in doubling a promontory, they came face to face with the four Dutchmen, who were no little astonished at the meeting.

"How is this?" cried the Batavians, coming to a full stop.

"Parbleu! here we are, the sons of France. And now, gentlemen, we must erect a cross and then some of these days we can draw a boundary line."

"Well, this is a little surprising," said Meinherr; "we have scarcely come a mile."

"That," said the Gascon in a grave tone, "was your fault. If you choose to walk so majestically—"

"Most surprising!" Holland repeated. "Have you not been running, mis-sieurs, a little?"

"Sir," rejoined the Gascon, "we used the pace of France."

The next day a line was solemnly drawn from the point of parting to the place of meeting; and hence it is that Holland is owner of only one-third of the island of St. Martin.

THE HEAD OF RICHELIEU.

The head of the chief minister of a great nation must be an object of curiosity whether dead or alive, and none more so than that of the great Richelieu—from which emanated such redoubtable combinations and results of genius and intellectual power; among the latter, for instance, the abasement of the Austrian power in Europe to its just level, and the downfall of the proud aristocracy of his own France. This head at present forms the chief feature of attraction of a cabinet of curiosities possessed by a member of the present French Chamber of Deputies, M. Armez, and is occasionally, but very rarely, shown to his friends, with a mystery becoming the fact of its very equivocal possession—or rather, the right to such possession.

The history of this curious relic is as follows:—It is well known that the Sorbonne owed its existence to the munificent liberality of Richelieu, and that at his death he was, by his own previously expressed desire, buried there, in the chapel attached to the establishment. His monument, containing the mortal remains of the great minister, is still shown there, but the head is wanting; and it is understood that during one of the most terrible days of the Reign of Terror, the Paris mob entered the chapel where the monument was situated, broke open the tomb, severed the head from the body, as that of "a traitor to the Majesty of the People," and bore it about the streets of Paris on a pike. The father of M. Armez, the present possessor of the head, witnessed the exhibition above described, and feeling a strong interest in the relic, watched it with the utmost care from place to place, until the public, tired of their plaything, abandoned it to his possession. He preserved it during his life-time with the utmost care, and at his death left it as a legacy to his son, the present possessor.

It is said that the head, even in its present shrivelled state, bears a remarkable resemblance to the authentic portraits of the great cardinal minister. We are further assured that it has lately been a question whether the possession of the relic may not become a subject for the exercise of the talents of the gentlemen of the long robe in Paris, the title of its present possessor being a very doubtful one.

London Court Journal.

Importance of the Exterior.—It having been settled by Magisterial Decision that a Fashionably cut coat will subject drunk and disorderly Sparks, who pull off. Knockers, to a mere Fine, whereas the wearer of an inferior article would, for a like offence, be consigned to the Tread-Mill, Messrs. Mordecai and Sons, of the Minorities, confidently recommend their New Police Wrapper, to the patronage of Larking Gents. A large Stock may be inspected at the Establishment. Warranted to screen the Perpetrator for the most Flagrant Outrage. N. B. For Cash only.

THE IRISH REBELS OF 1845.

We are not surprised that our exposure of the unconsummated rebellion in Ireland should provoke the anger of the rebels, detected halting between conspiracy and cowardice; and the abusive absurdity which bursts from one party in the plot, by the voice of a leading Orange journalist, displays the writhings of detected guilt. We have long ceased to notice common attacks on the *Spectator*, because we do not concur in the doctrine that mere silence implies assent under imputations: newspaper controversies are very tiresome things to the readers; and we hope that the character for independence which we have earned is too firmly based to be shaken by the idle and conflicting assertions of political or other antagonists. But the recent sally of the *Dublin Evening Mail* is instructive as a sample of what the "public instructors" are about in the disturbed province; and here it is entire.

"THE NEWEST DEVICE FOR MEETING THE IRISH DIFFICULTY."

"We subjoin an article, published in the *Spectator* of Saturday last, upon the state of Ireland, which is well worthy of special attention. The *Spectator* is the weekly organ of Sir Robert Peel's Government; it is, obviously, also the organ most trusted by the Minister himself. The coarser hack business is intrusted to the *Morning Herald* and *Standard*; but when feelers are to be thrown out, threats to be hinted at, or novel devices of policy to be broached, the execution of these more delicate jobs is usually committed to the *Spectator*. We feel justified, therefore, in looking upon the article to which we now refer as an official announcement of the plan for escaping the Irish difficulty, upon which the Ministerial mind is at present working."

"It is now, it would appear, contemplated to drive Ireland, Protestant and Roman Catholic, into rebellion, with, of course, the ulterior view of crushing all parties beneath the weight of a military despotism. The plan is probably not a new one. It is not unlikely that the secret historical researches of Sir Robert Peel may have disclosed to him the fact that a similar policy has been already acted upon by some of his predecessors. It is thus concisely opened upon the present occasion—'We say (writes the *Spectator*) that the position of Irish agitators is criminal and humiliating, and that to escape from their disgrace they ought to consummate their rebellion. The Orangemen should join the Repealers, conquer their English masters, and then fight together for the ascendancy of the Orange or the Green.'

"This, then, is the ultimate policy of the strong Government of Sir Robert Peel. Having, by a series of blundering concessions, and still more blundering insults, excited the just indignation of every man of every party in Ireland, the Minister now employs his hireling press to taunt the Irish nation into open resistance, in order that he may obtain an opportunity of severing, by the sword the meshes in which his own treachery and incapacity have entangled him. This infernal game, we repeat, may have been employed upon a former occasion; but the world has grown at least half a century older in the interim. If, as the *Spectator* recommends, 'the Orangemen should join the Repealers,' no premature and disastrous rebellion would now be the result. The era of the collision of physical force has passed away; and were such a junction to be effected, its result would be to separate Ireland from England within six months. In testimony of the truth of this statement, we beg leave to appeal to a former Minister of England. Earl Spencer, we presume, has not changed his opinion, expressed in his place in Parliament, that if the united people of Ireland demand a repeal of the Union, it must be granted to them without a struggle. Occurrences more improbable than the conjunction in question have come to pass—passing events tend towards facilitating its accomplishment. If it should ever take place, we rather think the sneers of the *Spectator* would be exchanged for less jocular manifestations of his sentiments in respect to the political aspect of Ireland."

[Here follows in extenso the first section of the Political Summary from the previous week's *Spectator*]

Our own share in this quarrel may be soon dismissed. The assertion that our paper is "the weekly organ of Sir Robert Peel's Government" is merely false—false in every sense to which the words can be turned. The *Spectator* has never been connected in any way with any Government; it has never been actuated by so much of venality as may lurk in expectation; and never expecting, it has never been provoked by disappointment—that kind of inverted corruption which seems to infect journalism as much as any other kind. We cannot boast of ever having had a single confidential communication from any Government; nor, to make the contradiction quite specific, have we ever had any from, or on behalf of, Sir Robert Peel. Indeed, the assertion that a rebellion in Ireland is Sir Robert Peel's "plan," and that he has selected the *Spectator* as the channel for his "official announcement" of the cunning scheme, is so madly absurd as to refute itself: it would be conclusive evidence before a commission de lunatico inquirendo. We cannot positively tell whether Sir Robert even condescends to read our pages; though we think he ought, and with attention too, for the disinterested good counsel we often give him; say, we hope he does, for we should scarcely be at the pains to discuss subjects of public policy if we thought that the discussion could have no practical influences. Without being vain enough to expect that the suggestions of a journal should be nakedly adopted, we are not without belief that they have at times had tangible results; and this splanetic outburst in the *Mail* is a proof that other observers share that belief.

The *Spectator*, if it had ever been a "hireling," has enjoyed a strange immunity from restraint; since it has always been free to advocate certain definite courses of policy, without respect to the men by whom that policy was carried out. If it were now the servant of Sir Robert Peel, we suspect that few servants have ever been allowed to address their masters so plainly as we have ventured to address Sir Robert, at a distance of time by no means exceeding the memory of "the oldest inhabitant." We advocated Catholic Emancipation, by whomsoever advanced; and we opposed the coercion of Ireland, without regard to the men that claimed to employ it: we always supported O'Connell when he really worked for the advantage of Ireland by seeking to employ in her behalf the resources of England—to cement and consummate the Union; we have invariably opposed him when he has, for his own purposes, tampered with separation, because we believe that separation would be hostile to British interests and destructive to Irish interests: we supported Lord Normanby's experiment in soothing the Irish, made wild by ill treatment; and we do support Sir Robert Peel wherever he shows a disposition to do good to Ireland. In short, without respect of persons, we have watched to improve every opportunity of fostering the smallest intention to benefit that unlucky land; and we derive some solace from the conviction, that to the perseverance of English politicians is mainly attributable the vast change to be described between the political condition of Ireland in 1825 and in 1845. No doubt, Irish incidents and Irish agitation have been employed in working that change; but the great task was to convert the mind of England. We had seen startling incidents

across the Channel, but centuries rolled by and Ireland suffered in vain; we had seen agitation even to rebellion, (for the men of those days were more of men if less of lawyers,) and rebellion was put down by that force and corruption which would always be available in the province: those things happened in vain while English opinion was unconverted; and English opinion was converted by Englishmen. In like manner, we seek to pursue the beneficial change, and to amend the social as well as political aspect of Ireland.

Meanwhile, what are the Irish doing for themselves? They are, by their self-appointed leaders, Orange and Repeal, doing their utmost to prevent any Government from effecting any benefit for their country. They, Orangemen and Repealers, are doing their best to keep up the staple trade of O'Connell—an agitation which is profitable alone to him and his retainers. Under one name or another—Ribandmen, Repealers, Molly Maguires, or Orangemen—the Irish people are arrayed in conspiracies to defy the constituted authorities, and to evade or frustrate the laws; and their leaders are neither too honest nor too intelligent to keep up that state of things as a permanent condition of their country. That, we say, is rebellion, without the courage to carry it out. We repeat, that rebellion against constituted authority may be justified, and has often been justified in the history of the world; but it is the bold and manly rebellion which avows its purpose, puts its end in issue, and pledges the lives of its champions for their honesty and success. Ireland presents the strange and disgusting spectacle of public men conspiring to keep their countrymen on the brink of revolution, while they hold back from compromising their own safety. We denounce that double traitorousness; and we are answered by the mouthpiece of one faction with a threat of dismembering the empire, appropriately couched in quibbling equivocation to shield the utterer.

There is truth in the remark that open rebellion would afford a means of escaping from the Irish difficulties. It is nonsense to say that "the era of the collision of physical force has passed away": bad as war may be, it is not yet abolished in the lands; and the parade of numbers, whether by Orangemen or Repealers, means nothing but to threaten England, and to stimulate, without the words that would compromise him who speaks, the rebellious feelings in the breasts of the Irish people. If the *Mail*, like some others, counts upon assistance from abroad, the calculator is terribly mistaken: America has neither navy to transport nor soldiers to be transported; and Ireland has not the accumulated wealth to purchase mercenary help. France is too much divided internally to be a formidable ally in any but a strictly national quarrel; and the stability of her present dynasty depends rather more on peace with England than on the favours of the Irishmen, whether Repealers, Molly Maguires, or Orangemen. If Ireland were to rebel, she must trust to herself alone; and were the question reduced to one of dismembering the empire, no English Minister would have one moment's difficulty. But, we reiterate, flat rebellion would be more honest, more manly, and better for Ireland, than the present corrupt dalliance with the passions of the people, never to gratify them, but to prostitute them for the lucre or perverse satisfaction of political adventurers and disappointed factions.—*London Spectator*.

THE SNAKE-TAMER.

Behold the old snake finder with his sack! "Ola! vecchio, che cosa avete pigliato quest'oggi?" was a question put from our one-horse cart, till then going at a great rate through the village of Somma, to a little old man, with a humpback, a sack, and a large shallow box. He was dressed in a queer costume, had a wolf's brush in his hat, and remarkably tight-fitting leather leggings. "Tre! fra altri una vipera meschia." "Oh! oh! aspetta," added we—we must see the viper. Upon which there was a broad grin all round the circle; but the driver stopped, and down we got. The old man, seeing our intention to be serious, got a chair for us from a cottage, and putting his box on his knee, looked knowing, and thus began.

"Gentlemen, you have all seen a viper, *basta feroce*—a reptile that every one runs from except me, and those who know, as I do, how to humour him. I have a viper in this box whom I have so perfectly tamed, that he lives with two others, and never quarrels with them. I will open the box and, as you will see, they will all be as if they were dead, until I notice one, when he will put up his head that I may take him out."

He opened the box, where lay coiled, and perfectly still, a spotted viper, an immense black snake, and one very light and silvery like an eel.

"Here's my family," said the old man; and catching the viper round the middle, brought him out, while the others wriggled a little, as if in expectation of being caressed in their turn. "This animal, signor, is not so bad in his temper as you have been told. It is only when he is making love that he is poisonous—to all but his females; but in this, gentlemen, he is scarcely worse than many of yourselves, whom it is not safe then to approach."

"Bravo, bravo, vecchio! ancora! Go it again!" sounds every where from the circle collected round the old snake-charmer.

"If you tread upon his tail, gentlemen, what can you expect but a bite? Would not you bite if you had your tails trodden on?"

The viper now raised his head, and darted it out, with about half of his body behind it, at the crowd. The two nearest peasants fell back. The viper, missing his spring, turns round to bite the hand that is holding him, but no sooner touches it, than off it glides from the horny finger, wriggling both head and tail at a great rate.

"He has been warmed by my hand, signor, and wants to escape! Ingrato! Come, I have something to tell you that these gentlemen must not hear!"

And he opened his mouth, and the viper thrust his head between his lips; upon which the old man closes them and makes believe to mumble the horrid head, the body appearing violently convulsed, as if it really suffered violence.

"He has lost his teeth," said one, "and can't bite."

"Sicuro," said another, and began to yawn.

"No," said the old man, "his teeth are all in his head. You doubt it, do you? See here, then."

And catching him by the head, and drawing down his lower jaw, having forced the mouth to its full stretch, he drew the red surface of his upper-jaw smartly over the back of his own hand two or three times, so as to bring blood from six or seven orifices. Then, drying the blood off his hand, he returns his viper to the box, and asks a *baiocco* for the exhibition.

"What's the price of your viper?" ask we.

"Two carlines, excellenza."

"Here, tie him up for me in my handkerchief." Which was accordingly done, and we popped him into spirits of wine, as a *souvenir* of Monte Somma, and of the old man whom we saw handling him.

"Does he gain a livelihood by his trade?" we enquired.

He teaches people how to catch serpents; and by familiarizing them with the danger, they work in greater comfort, and are not afraid of going over any part of Monte Somma, which, as it abounds in vipers and snakes, still de-

ters the unpractised a little. Besides, they like to see the snake caught and exhibited, and every body gives him something."

CLASS REPROBATION—TWO HONEST LAWYERS.

We still occasionally meet with individuals who entertain prejudices against whole professions, declaring, for instance, that all engaged in the law must needs be tainted with roguery. That there may be something unfavourable to general morality in the maxim which sanctions a legal man in taking up causes which he fully believes to be bad, we are not prepared to deny; that there are many despicable pettifoggers continually engaged in dirty and roguish work, cannot be doubted; but it is at the same time evident to all who can take a comprehensive view of the profession, that the great mass are men of the purest honour, while many exhibit even an unusual exactness in their dealings with their fellow-creatures. The effect of the following *true story* will be, we think, to show that honour and shame are not necessarily connected with any of the walks of life in which common prejudice expects to find them.

In a certain mercantile town, which need not be named, there existed, thirty years ago, a house transacting business under the firm of B. M. H. and Co. Their trusty clerk, J. S., having been one day sent to the bank for a large sum, which was paid to him in hundred-pound notes, was returning with it, when, having gone into a shop for some unimportant purpose, he unluckily dropped one of the notes, which he did not miss till he had reached the counting-house of his employers. The junior partner of a thriving manufacturing house happened to observe it immediately after the loser had departed, and, having picked it up unobserved, he showed it to his partners as a windfall, and they agreed to regard it as a common good, and enter it as such in their books. The loss of the note was duly advertised in the newspapers and by placard: the fact became universally known, and was as universally regretted; but no trace of it was ever discovered. The very men who had appropriated it, joined heartily in deploring the misfortune of the poor clerk, upon whom it was known that the loss would fall. When all efforts had failed, J. S. was obliged to make up the sum to his employers, out of a little fund which he had accumulated as a provision for a lunatic daughter. Worse still: the misfortune preyed upon his spirits. He fell into ill health, and soon after died, leaving a destitute family.

For twenty years, the trio who had divided the hundred pounds pitilessly beheld the struggles of the poor widow and her children. At length their copartnership was dissolved, and the junior partner, in consulting his legal agent, Mr. W., as to some details of that transaction, incidentally stated that he had hardly got his fair share of that hundred-pound note which he had picked up twenty years ago. Little more passed at that time; but, about three months after, Widow B., the surviving child of poor S., who had lost the note, having occasion to consult the same legal gentleman, made allusion to that circumstance as what had produced the ruin of her father's family. Struck with the coincidence of time, place, and the sum lost, Mr. W. made further inquiries, and the result was, that he recommended Mrs. B. to call upon the principal partner of the dissolved concern, and ask pointedly if a member of his house had ever found a hundred-pound bank note, and if the sum had been credited to cash in their books.

The poor woman acted according to direction, and by the person to whom she applied, was ordered to quit his house, and never trouble him again on such a subject. Not daunted by this repulse, Mr. W. caused his poor protégée to apply to Mr. B., the principal partner of the house by which her father had been employed, requesting that he would kindly exert himself to see justice done to her. Mr. B. was a benevolent, as well as conscientious man; he had ever regretted the fate of poor S., and he now felt the deepest indignation at the trio whom, from the report of Mr. W., he believed to have appropriated the note. He applied by letter, and personally, for the restoration of the money; but met only shuffling denials and refusals. A rupture then took place between the parties, and, with Mr. B's concurrence, a summons was served by W. upon the three partners of the dissolved firm, narrating all the circumstances of the case, and concluding for the value of the missing note, with interest and expenses. An agent was employed in defence; but, happily, like Mr. W., he was an honest man. Mr. M. observing something suspicious in the case, assembled the three partners in his chamber, where a conversation somewhat like the following took place:

Mr. M. Well, gentlemen, your defence in this case, what is it?

Trio. Oh, there is no proof that the pursuer's father lost any note, or that we found the one he lost.

M. Did any of you find a Royal Bank £100 note at the time and place stated in the summons?

Trio. Ah; but what proof is there that it is the one he lost, if indeed he lost any note?

M. Did you at the time know of the advertisements and reward narrated in the summons?

Trio. Oh, we cannot remember these far-back stories.

M. Yes; but I see you do not deny them, and I wish to know if you yourselves advertised the finding of the note, as was clearly your duty as honest men?

Trio. No; and surely there was no law of the land which obliged us to do so.

M. Well, gentlemen, I tell you frankly that this seems to me an ugly affair, and you had better settle it, for certainly I shall not defend you.

Struck with the straightforward honesty of their own agent, the partners could not resist his advice. The opposite agent, Mr. W., was sent for, and asked what rate of interest he demanded. He answered to Mr. M., "What ever you, sir, as agent for the defenders, think fair." "Then," said M., "I fix it at bank interest;" and the matter was immediately settled.

Thus was a monstrous wrong, which had been inflicted by individuals of a class held generally in respect, redressed by the honesty and zeal of two members of a profession often spoken of as wholly predatory and vile. Could any thing show us in a more expressive light the necessity of caution in applying general characters to large bodies of men?

Miscellaneous Articles.

A VISIT TO THE BLIND SCULPTOR OF THE TYROL.

There is at present existing in the Tyrol a phenomenon connected with art which probably stands alone in the history of the world—no other than a carver in wood, who, having been stone blind from the age of five years, nevertheless produces statues, groups, and heads, of extraordinary merit as works of art, and even portraits of individuals that are excellent likenesses. The following extract from the letter of a recent traveller in the Tyrol will be read with strong interest by all classes, but especially by those who are

acquainted with the extraordinary difficulties connected with the art of carving in wood or stone.

Innsbruck, August 8th, 1845.

I have just quitted a poor cottage in this city, the inhabitant of which would have deeply interested you—as he has done me. This cottage consisted of one small room, the sole furniture of which was a miserable bed, a half-broken harpsichord, and a wooden bench, on which lay certain pieces of wood, and tools for carving it. This room is the abode of an old man, seventy years of age, named Kleinhaus, who suffers under the cruellest privation to which humanity is subject, but who, by patience and perseverance, has gained a victory over adverse circumstances, which must excite the wonder and admiration of all who hear of them.

At the age of five years, Kleinhaus was attacked by small-pox, which left him stone-blind. Before this period, he had been accustomed constantly to play with those small figures carved in wood, which are so numerous in the cottages of the Tyrol, and had on more than one occasion got hold of a knife and tried to carve one for himself. On finding himself deprived of light, and of the power of looking upon his favorite playthings, he was constantly thinking with delight of the traits of the various figures of virgins and saints which he had attempted to imitate, and was never easy but when he had one of them in his hands, feeling them all over, and, as it were, trying to see them with his fingers. By dint of this constant handling, he came at length to be so familiar with the relative proportions, positions, &c., of the objects of his attention, that he could, by the touch alone, tell with great accuracy whether any figure presented to him, whether in wood, in bronze, or in marble, possessed the requisite qualities and proportions of a work of art.

When Kleinhaus found that he had acquired this extraordinary power of touch—which, in the case of the objects in question, almost stood him in stead of the sense he had lost—he bethought himself whether he could not, by the aid of the same faculty, execute what he felt that he could so justly appreciate.

At this time, he had lost both his parents, and was utterly destitute of any means of support; and the alternative which presented themselves to him were, to beg, or to hit upon some method by which he could with his own hands provide himself with the means of subsistence. He determined to adopt the latter; accordingly he procured a piece of wood and a chisel, and set to work to produce one of those images, with the form of which his touch had rendered him so familiar. His first efforts were as difficult and painful as they were abortive; often did a false stroke of his chisel, or a too vigorous one, destroy the work of many long and laborious days. Any one but himself would have been discouraged by his repeated failures, in to abandoning his strange design. But this poor and solitary peasant was gifted by nature with an indomitable power of will, and a deep love of art, for itself alone, apart from the mere worldly good he might hope to derive from its practice. Briefly, after innumerable efforts, more or less successful, Kleinhaus attained that extraordinary firmness and precision of hand which enabled him to work out, step by step, and bit by bit, the entire details of the figure on which he was employed, even to the contour of the limbs, and the traits of the countenance. Nay, incredible as it may seem, he has actually arrived at the power of first impressing upon his own mind by the touch, and then transferring them to wood, the traits of individual countenances, so as to produce portraits that are striking likenesses! In the museum of Innsbruck, there is a bust of the Emperor Ferdinand, cut in wood by the hand of Kleinhaus, from a marble bust of a German sculptor, and which is said to be as good a likeness as the original bust modelled from the life. There is also in his own cottage a bust of one of his relations, which is still more extraordinary, since it was produced from merely passing his hands over the living face of the individual represented, and the likeness of which is said to be perfect.

Kleinhaus, though he has, as I have said, attained the allotted age of man, is perfectly upright, robust, and healthy. In his face there is an expression of great sweetness and beneficence; and every day of his peaceful life is employed in working at his art, as industriously as he did in the days of his youth. He has, during his long career, executed no less than three hundred and fifty figures of the Saviour, of various sizes, and a hundred heads of Madonnas and Saints; and he showed me in his workshop a crucifixion, three feet in height, to which he has adapted a machinery of his own invention, which causes the head of the Christ slowly to raise itself from the breast, open the eyes and the lips, gradually shut them, and drop the dying head again on the breast, in the agony of the last Passion.

It is not very creditable to the countrymen of this indefatigable artist that he is as poor now as when he commenced his extraordinary career. By and by, they will doubtless erect a monument to his memory; at present, they leave him to subsist from day to day on the results of his labor.

In the meantime, however, the poor and still solitary artist has been gifted by heaven with a light and happy heart, which no vain desires agitate, and no empty ambition troubles. His thoughts are entirely occupied by the work on which he is engaged; and his happy dreams are filled by the celestial images it is his delight to represent.

In looking at this remarkable old man, as he was chiselling a saintly group of infinite grace and expression, I could not help thinking of the deaf Beethoven, when in the act of creating his wonderful compositions. But Kleinhaus has a consolation, which was wanting to the great composer. "I feel," said he to me, "in its minutest details, every piece of sculpture which is presented to me, and every one which I execute myself, and appreciate and enjoy its qualities precisely the same as if they were present to my bodily sight."

By the bye, Kleinhaus has himself composed both the music and words of a sort of canticle, or hymn, (which he sang to me, accompanying himself on his old harpsichord), expressive of the resignation he feels under his sad deprivation.

When the noble old man had finished his hymn, I could not help seizing both his hands with an uncontrollable emotion. On quitting him, I took with me, at the moderate price he fixed upon them, the only two finished figures that remained in his workshop; and I shall retain them as mementoes of one of the best-spent days of all my travels. London Court Journal.

National Sports.—On the very same day that seven bulls were slaughtered before the Queen of Spain, fifteen men were butchered in the streets of Madrid; another proof that Spaniards are treated in their country like beasts, only not half so well. The rate of exchange of human life in Spain seems to be, 1 bull = 2 men. When are these national sports to cease? Her Spanish Majesty forgets that what may be very good sport to her is death to others. She should be careful for she is teaching her people one of those games, at which, it is said, two can play.

THE SLAVE MARKET.

From the Countess Hahn-Hahn's "Letters from the Orient."

The profane eye of the Frank is not held worthy of a sight of the sacred place; but the Bakschich unprofanes us, and whilst the negotiation still pends, a Jew advances, and places his hand on his forehead with a peculiar movement, and seems to say, "I lay my forehead humbly in the dust of your feet;" and then he offers his services in any case; if not for slaves, then for shawls still for tobacco; strictly faithful to the officious, trafficking spirit of his nation. Franks, however, may not purchase slaves: it is a privilege that belongs to the Turks exclusively. Now we enter eagerly, filled with curiosity and expectation, a paradise of hours. The place itself is not very inviting, an irregular space surrounded by damp galleries. In these galleries sit the sales men with coffee and chibouque, the overseers, the purchasers, and the simply curious; and in the narrow, dark, low chambers, which have a door and grated window opening to the galleries, are kept the noble wares. One group is placed in the middle of the court for inspection, or rather seated, for they are squatted upon mats as usual. Let us contemplate them. Oh horror! dreadful revolting sight! Summon your whole faculty of imagination! Picture to yourself monsters; and you still fail to conceive such objects as yon negroes, from whom your outraged eye recoils with loathing. But the Georgians, the Circassians! the loveliest women in the world—where are they? Not here. No; dearest brother, the white slaves are kept separate in Tophana; thence they are conducted to the harem for inspection, and only by the greatest favour, and under especial escort, can you be admitted to a view of them. Here are only blacks, and with the monstrous spectacle you must fain content yourself. There they sit. A coarse gray garment envelopes the figure, coloured glass coloured glass beads the neck; the hair is cut short. You are struck first with the depressed forehead squeezed over the eye-brows, as in the Cretians; then with the large, rolling, inexpressive eye; then, with the nose, innocent of a bridge, a great misshapen mass; then, with the mouth, and the frightful animal formation of projecting jawbone, and gaping black lips (red lips on the Moor is an European fancy which reality does not sanction); then, with the long-fingered, apeline hands, and hideous colourless nails; then with the meagre spindle-shanks and projecting heel; then, the most of all, with the incredible animalism of the whole thing, form and expression combined. The colour varies. Here it is bright black, there somewhat brown; and here, again, greyish. They give out no signs of life; they stare at us with the same unconscious gaze that they fix upon each other. A purchaser approaches, examines them; women-buyers make their remarks upon them. They are indifferent to all. They are measured in their length and breadth, like a bale of goods; scanned, tried in their hands, hips feet, teeth, like a horse; they submit to everything without dislike, without anger, without sorrow. It is much that the exhibition proceeds with decency, that is to say, the so-called decency, the creatures do not lay aside their garments, which reach from the neck down to the calf of the leg. Now they are selected, bid for, cheapened; do buyer and seller agree, the slave departs with her master or mistress; do they not, she seats herself again upon the mat, unconcerned about her fate. Say, brother, how do you like it? I honestly confess that, in the whole proceeding, nothing so shocked me as the creature's hideousness; and that the majestic king vulture at Schonbrunn inspired me with more compassion for his captivity than I feel for the slavery of these my fellow mortals. I ask myself internally, "Is it possible that a Sappho, an Aspasia, a Mary Stuart, and other miracles of mind and beauty can be made of the same sex as these?" And, with great confidence I answer, "No." For a woman without intelligence is no longer a woman, but, alas! I have no more appropriate word—a mate, and this contains too much of tenderness and caressing for my meaning; she becomes simply *une femelle*. Place in your mind such a negress by the side of an Aspasia, and you may perceive it, how far asunder lie the human families; how wide the gulf which separates two such beings. We are all of dust, and to dust we shall return; but, for the few years which I have to live, I am truly grateful to my Creator that it has pleased him to vouchsafe me a dusty integument that is at least *white*.

GRISI AT THE EXILE'S SUPPER.

I was at one of those private concerts given at an enormous expense, during the opera season, at which "assisted" Julia Grisi, Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini and Ivanhoff. Grisi came in the carriage of a foreign lady of rank, who had dined with her, and she walked into the room like an empress. She was dressed in the plainest white with her glossy hair put smooth from her brow, and a single white japonica dropped over one of her temples. The lady who brought her chaperoned her during the evening, as if she had been her daughter, and under the excitement of her own table and the kindness of her friend, she sang with the rapture and a *freshet* of glory (if one may borrow a word from the Mississippi) which set all hearts on fire. She surpassed her most applauded hour on the stage—for it was worth her while. The audience was composed almost exclusively of those who are not only cultivated judges, but who sometimes repay delight with a present of diamonds. Lablache shook the house to its foundations in his turn; Rubini ran through his miraculous compass with the ease, truth, and melody for which his singing is unsurpassed; Tamburini poured his rich and even fulness on the ear; and Russian Ivanhoff, the one southern singing bird who has come out of the north, wiredrew his fine and spiritual notes, till they who had been flushed, and tearful and silent when the others had sung, drowned his voice in the poorer applause of exclamation and surprise.

The concert was over by twelve, the gold and silver paper bills of the performance were turned into fans and every one was waiting till supper should be announced—the *prima donna* still sitting by her friend, but surrounded by foreign attaches, and in the highest elation at her own success. The doors of an inner suite of rooms was thrown open at last, and Grisi's cordon of admirers prepared to follow her in, and wait on her at supper. At this moment, one of the powdered menials of the house stepped up, and informed her very respectfully "that supper was prepared in a separate room for the singers!" Medea, in her most tragic hour, never stood so absolutely the picture of hate, as did Grisi, for a single instant, in the centre of that aristocratic crowd. Her chest swelled and rose, her lips closed over her snowy teeth, and compressed till the blood left them, and for myself, I looked unconsciously to see where she would strike. I knew, then, that there was more than fancy—there was nature and capability of the *real*—in the imaginary passions she plays so powerfully. A laugh of extreme amusement at the scene from the highborn woman, who had accompanied her, suddenly turned her humour, and she stopped in the midst of a muttering of Italian, in which I could distinguish only the terminations, and with a sort of theatrical quickness of transition, joined heartily in her mirth. It was immediately proposed by this lady, however, that herself and her particular circle should join the insulted *prima donna* at the lower

table, and they succeeded by this manoeuvre, in turning Rubini and the others, who were leaving the house in a most unequivocal Italian fury.

I had been fortunate enough to be included in the invitation, and, with one or two foreign diplomatic men, I followed Grisi, and her amused friend to a small room on the lower floor, that seemed to be the house-keeper's parlour. Here supper was set for six (including the man who had played the piano), and on the side table stood every variety of wine and fruit, and there was nothing in the supper, at least, to make us regret the table we had left. With a most imperative gesture, and rather an amusing attempt at English, Grisi ordered the servants out of the room and locked the door, and from that moment the conversation commenced and continued in their own musical, passionate, and energetic Italian. My long residence in that country had made me at home in it: every one present spoke it fluently; and I had an opportunity I might never have again, of seeing with what abandonment these children of the sun throw aside rank and distinction (yet without forgetting it), and join with those who are their superiors in every circumstance of life in the gaieties of a chance hour. Out of their own country, these singers would probably acknowledge no higher rank than that of the kind and gifted lady who was their guest; yet with the briefest apology at finding the room too cold after the heat of the concert, they put on their cloaks and hats as safeguards to their lungs (more valuable to them than to others, and as most of the cloaks were the worse for travel, and the hats opera-hats with two corners, the grotesque contrast with the diamonds of one lady and the radiant beauty of the other, may easily be imagined. Singing should be hungry work, by the knife and fork they played; and between the excavations of truffle pies and the bumpers of champagne and burgundy, the words were few. Lablache appeared to be an established droll, and every syllable he found time to utter was received with the most unbounded laughter. Rubini could not recover from the slight he conceived put upon him and his profession by the separate table; and he continually reminded Grisi, who, by this time, had quite recovered her good humour, that the night before supping at Devonshire House, the Duke of Wellington had held her gloves on one side, while his grace, their host, attended to her on the other. "E vero!" said Ivanhoff, with a look of modest admiration at the *prima donna*. "E vero, e bravo!" cried Tamburini, with his sepulchral talking tone, much deeper than his singing. "Si, si, si! bravo!" echoed all the company; and the haughty and happy actress nodded all round with a radiant smile and repeated, in her silver tones, "Grazie! cari amici! grazie!"

As the servants had been turned out, the removal of the first course was managed in *pic-nic* fashion; and when the fruit and fresh bottles of wine were set upon the table by the attaches and younger gentlemen, the health of the princess who honoured them by her presence was proposed in that language, which it seems to me, is more capable than all others of expressing affectionate and respectful devotion. All uncovered and stood up, and Grisi, with tears in her eyes, kissed the hand of her benefactress and friend, and drank her health in silence. It is a polite and common accomplishment in Italy to improvise verse, and the lady I speak of is well known among her immediate friends for a singular facility in this beautiful art. She reflected a moment or two with the moisture in her eyes, and then commenced low and soft, a poem, of which it would be difficult, nay, impossible, to convey in English an idea of its music and beauty. It took us back to Italy, to its heavenly climate, its glorious arts, its beauty, and its ruins, and concluded with a line of which I remember the sentiment to have been—*out of Italy every land is exile!* The glasses were raised as she ceased, and every one repeated after her—"*Fuori d'Italia tutto esilio!*" "Ma!" cried out the fat Lablache, holding up his glass of champagne, and looking through it with one eye, "*siamo ben esiliati qua!*" [but we are well exiled here!] and, with a word of drollery, the party recovered its gayer tone, and the humour and wit flowed on brilliantly as before.

The house had long been still, and the last carriage belonging to the company above stairs had rolled from the door, when Grisi suddenly remembered a bird that she had lately bought, of which she proceeded to give us a description, that probably penetrated to every corner of the silent mansion. It was a mocking-bird, that had been kept two years in the opera house, and between the rehearsal and performance, had learned parts of everything it had overheard. It was the property of the woman who took care of the wardrobes. Grisi had accidentally seen it, and immediately purchased it for two guineas. How much of embellishment there was in her imitation of her treasure I do not know; but certainly the whole power of her wondrous voice, passion, and knowledge of music, seemed drunk up at once in the wild, various, difficult, and rapid mixture of the capricious melody she undertook. First came, without the passage which it usually terminates, the long, throat-down, gurgling, water-toned trill, in which Rubini (but for the bird and its mistress, it seemed to me would have been inimitable: then right upon it, as if it were the beginning of a bar, and in the most unbreathing continuity, followed a brilliant passage from the "*Barber of Seville*" run into the passionate prayer of *Anna Bolena* in her madness, and followed by the air of "*Suoni in tromba intrepida*," the tremendous duet in the "*Puritani*," between Tamburini and Lablache. Up to the sky, and down to the earth again—away with the note of the wildest gladness, and back upon a note of the most touching melancholy—if the bird but half equals the imitation of his mistress, he were worth the jewel in a sultan's turban. "Giulia!" "Giulietta!" "Giulietta!" cried out one and another, as she ceased, expressing, in their Italian diminutives, the love and delight she had inspired by her incomparable execution. The stillness of the house in the occasional pauses of conversation reminded the gay party, at last, that it was wearing late. The door was unlocked, and the half-dozen sleepy footmen hanging about the hall were despatched for the cloaks and carriages: the drowsy porter was roused from his deep leathern *dormouse*, and opened the door, and broad upon the street lay the cold grey light of a summer's morning.—*Willis's Loiterings of Travel.*

A SINGER WITHOUT A VOICE.

Few of our readers who have reached middle life will not recollect the name of Mainville Fodor; many of them will remember her, as perhaps the most extraordinarily gifted female singer that ever graced the boards of our Italian opera. The range of her voice included two octaves and a half; its exquisite quality was still more rare than the extent of its register; and her style, method, and expression have probably never been equalled, either before her time or since. Perhaps no better proof of this latter proposition can be offered than the fact that she gave equal felicity of expression, and an equally characteristic effect, to the profound sentiment and passion of Mozart, and the captivating brilliancy of Rossini; which certainly cannot be said of any other *prima donna* of the last five-and-twenty years. During a period of ten years, Madame Mainville Fodor was the delight of all the musical dilettanti of Europe, and her success in certain characters was altogether without precedent. During one season at Vienna, she played *Semiramide* sixty times successively, and to an

equally numerous and delighted audience the sixtieth time as the first; and at Venice she played the *Elisabetta* of Caraffa thirty-eight times successively.—Perhaps the most extraordinary and affecting scene that was ever witnessed on a public stage was the one which closed the public career of this remarkable woman, at the *Italiens* in Paris, in the season of 1825. She was at that time at the height of her fame and popularity, and had, at the earnest solicitation of M. Sostheue de la Rochefoucault, refused a very lucrative engagement at Naples, and accepted one at Paris, on much less advantageous terms in a pecuniary point of view. The evening arrived for her to make her entree in *Semiramide*. The theatre was crowded from the floor to the ceiling; the whole musical world of Paris was present, and many of the musical celebrities of the rest of Europe, including Rossini, Cherubini, Choron, &c.; and every one looked for a degree of success never exceeded in the annals of song. The curtain drew up; the great actress—the Queen of Song—*la prima delle prime donne*, as the Italians called her—presented herself on the scene; and her majestic voice was as rich, radiant, and powerful as usual. She went through the first scene in the opera in a way which caused her exit to be greeted by ecstasies of delighted enthusiasm, amounting almost to delirium. At length she re-appeared, and proceeded with her part till the fifth or sixth bar of the first air, when suddenly the divine sounds of her voice entirely ceased—cold drops of perspiration started to her brow—her lips quivered and her chest was violently agitated. But not a sound was heard! The orchestra ceased playing—the curtain was dropped—the house was in consternation, both before and behind the curtain. In the former, the agitation was in some measure calmed, by the acting manager stating that the sudden indisposition of Madame Mainvielle Fodor must cause the performance to be suspended for a few minutes; an announcement which in a great degree re-assured the audience, who judged from it that the indisposition was one of no moment. In the meantime, the dressing-room of the prima donna was a scene of indescribable confusion and dismay; for all present were convinced that her voice was utterly gone; and she herself exhibited her despairing belief that such was the case, by flinging her arms about in the wildest manner, striking her face, tearing her hair, and exhibiting every sign of distress by those audible cries which usually indicate mental suffering, but of which it was evident that she was now physically incapable. And the friends who were present were scarcely less incapacitated by their grief from expressing the amount of it. Rossini fairly wept; and Choron (who had a strong sense of religion) had fallen upon his knees, and was begging her to calm her agitation, and trust in God, who could never, he said, have given her so wonderful an organ only to destroy it in an instant, without apparent cause, and without warning. Meantime she uttered not a sound, and only replied to their tears and remonstrances by pressing the hand of each. By this time more than a quarter of an hour had elapsed, and the house was growing impatient, and even violent, in its demand to be informed of the singer's actual condition. At this moment the acting manager entered the dressing room of Fodor, and stated the impossibility of any longer delaying to reply to the public impatience, and he added that he was about to announce to the audience that the performance could not proceed. The effect which this declaration produced on the sufferer was prodigious, and in some sort terrific. The colour came to her face, her eyes flashed fire, she rose from where she had been sitting, her lips moved convulsively, and at length she cried out, in a loud, full and resounding voice—"Draw up the curtain—I will sing!" "Saved! saved!" cried Rossini, embracing her. "Heaven has had pity on our grief!" exclaimed the pious Choron. The curtain was again raised—the theatre trembled with the shouts of applause that greeted the *cantatrice*—then a profound silence of expectant interest and curiosity succeeded, and she went through the remainder of the opera with an effect equal, if not superior to anything that had ever before been heard from her. As the curtain fell on the last scene, the excited and exhausted singer fainted and fell to the ground. She was speedily recovered, but again her voice was gone—never to return!

Court Journal.

Foreign Summary.

Earl Spencer, better known here as Lord Althorp, expired, at his seat, Wiston Hall, on the 1st instant. He filled the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the House of Commons, during the administrations of Lords Grey and Melbourne. In the public events of the last dozen years he has taken little share; his appearance in the House of Lords was unfrequent; he sunk the party man in the farmer; and for the breeding of cattle and the rearing of produce, he owned no superior.

The death of David MacIver, Esq., of the British and North American Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, took place at Gateacre, near Liverpool, on the 28th ult.

INCREASED VALUE OF RAILWAYS.—The improvement in the incomes of existing railways still continues, and during the last two months amount to upwards of £200,000 on comparison with the corresponding two months of 1844. The lines which have reduced their fares most liberally are the greatest gainers. At this rate of increase of income the value of the railway property of the country is becoming greater by upwards of £2,000,000 sterling per month.

The railway mania increases. It is now a national epidemic, and threatens to engulf every other species of business. Attention is now directed to the derangement of the monetary system of the country, contingent upon this absurd system of speculation.—The Accountant-General has a reckoning in store for these speculators in moonshine capital; he will shortly require a deposit of ten per cent. to be paid on the amount of each share, and some thirty or forty millions must be taken out of circulation to comply, in this respect, with the requirements of the law.

IMPROVED LOCOMOTIVE.—A new engine, called the Condor, has lately been constructed for the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company, by their superintendent engineer, Mr. Durance. The improvements consist in having a double firebox, the combustible gases being consumed in the second, which would otherwise escape in an unconsumed state. By this means a considerable increase of heating power is obtained, and consequently an increased speed. We understand that the fuel used is coal, instead of coke.

A letter from Salonica states, that a curious phenomenon has been observed at Aei-Aurethbisar, a village eight leagues from that town; a rather extensive lake has instantaneously transformed itself into a salt pond, and it now contains an abundance of salt of the first quality.

GERMANY.—Berlin, Sept. 23.—There is no doubt that the Zollverein will ultimately determine on increasing import duties on iron, cloths, linens, and, in fact, almost all other articles. These increases will be principally levelled against England.

The religious agitation remains pretty much in the same state. Upon the whole, however, perhaps Ronge, the apostle of the new fath, has increased the number of his adherents. Our government views his proceedings with great disapprobation, as does all the other Governments of Germany; and they are determined to discourage it as much as possible. A recent order from all the Ministerial departments of this country declares that any official giving it countenance, or any other of the new religious sects shall be dismissed.

SWITZERLAND.—Geneva, Sept. 23.—The Government of Berne having obtained a vote of confidence from the Grand Council, the radical or revolutionary party are much discouraged. The moral effect of the vote will be very great, Berne being at the head of what are called the liberal cantons of Switzerland, and as Berne has resolved that the law shall be maintained and carried out strictly, the other cantons will no doubt, resolve the same thing; so that a brief period of repose may be looked for.

ITALY.—Naples, Sept. 23.—Our Government has commenced, or is about to commence, negotiations for a treaty of commerce with the United States. The basis of the treaty offered by Naples will be a very extensive reduction of import duties and other commercial facilities. Such treaties have already been made with England and France, and will be entered into with as many other countries as possible.

RUSSIA.—St. Petersburg, Sept. 16.—The Russian army, in retiring within its lines, had to act invariably on the defensive against the mountaineers of Caucasus. The latter laid for them in unexpected places, and annoyed them from behind barriers in a dreadful manner.

An immense establishment exists in this city for the manufacture of locomotives for the different lines of railway now in progress. It is in the hands of Messrs. Eastwick and Harrison, of Philadelphia. They employ 3500 men, Russians, Americans, English and Germans.

BRITISH BRIGADIER GENERAL W. K. ARMISTEAD, colonel of the United States 3d regiment of artillery, died on the 13th inst., after a protracted illness, at Upperville, Virginia.

General Armistead entered the army, a second lieutenant of engineers, more than forty-two years ago, and in his long career was uniformly distinguished for correct military deportment and the highest moral excellence. For many years he was the chief of the corps of engineers, whence he was transferred to the head of a marching regiment; and, as a general officer, had, for a campaign, (1840-'41) the chief command in the war against the Florida Indians.

WANTED.—The first volume of the Anglo American, for which a liberal price will be paid.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 93-4 — per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1845.

By the Mail Steamer, *Hibernia*, via Halifax, we have our European files to the 4th inst. There is a considerable quantity of small news, but not much of importance. The *Hibernia* brought upwards of 100 passengers.

The Royal family have left Osborne house, on the Isle of Wight, and have taken up their sojourn in the princely castle of Windsor for the winter, or at least until the opening of Parliament "for the dispatch of business," which will not be before February next. We are happy to learn that her Majesty's late progress on the Continent has resulted in good health and spirits, and we trust that having now done "the handsome thing" to oblige her illustrious consort, she will not be in a hurry to go again among the princelings of Germany, to have her purse emptied and her generosity traduced.

The accounts concerning the Corn crops are not improved, and the reality of the apprehensions is made visible through the anxiety respecting the orders for foreign grain, the eager purchases of foreign flour, &c.

But there is another mischief ripening in England, which, if not checked by timely ministerial interposition will result in great disaster and confusion. We allude to the Railroad mania, which is proceeding with a feverish haste and furious monomania, startling to look upon. We have had frequent occasion to remark, when alluding to the Cotton market, and to commercial and manufacturing speculations, that England had at length profited by deep and repeated experience, and that since the memorable year 1837 the capitalists had resolved upon abstaining from excesses, and would drive a careful prudent traffic. This has hitherto been the case with them, and hence the very moderate fluctuations in the prices both of raw and manufactured material, and the steady sales for which the last few years have been remarkable. But, all at once, cupidity has given birth to a monster, chiefly remarkable for the rapidity of its growth, and for the avidity with which it is followed by all ranks and classes of people, who prostrate themselves at its shrine and make offering of all they possess in the miserable hope that it will be returned to them manifold. The schemes and the jobbing consequent upon such a state of things are most extensively ramified, the delusions that are practised, the insane expectations which are raised, the factitious risings and fallings of scrip, in stocks which actually do not and may never exist, evidence a spirit of gambling of most desperate character; and as, among the immense flock of geese thus gathered together some few foxes have found their way, we must not be surprised that considerable mischief is done, although the concourse of the deluded sufferers is so great that the abstractions do not lessen the apparent bulk of the mass.

Eagerness is the great encourager of bubbles, therefore bubbles, and gross ones, will be found in no small measure among projects the carrying out of which is estimated at three hundred millions sterling, but which if legislatively authorised would not be finished for seventy-five per cent. beyond that amount. A crash will almost inevitably ensue in the course of next year, and they will be wise who betimes shall withdraw themselves out of the vortex. Already "men of straw" in great numbers are ascertained to have a deep interest in the schemes now on foot, and when the expenses of those which shall be re-

jected are required to be paid up, their property will be *nil*, and themselves for the greater part "non sunt inventus."

It was a wise resolution to require a per centage on every estimate to be lodged in the hands of the Accountant General, as security for the *bona fide* of each project, before its discussion in the legislature; that resolution may save much mischief. As for the alarm respecting the withdrawal of so much currency from circulation, it is but a bugbear; whatever is taken up will be re issued, and it will in fact be only taking real securities for the advance instead of "promises to pay." That part of the transactions is as clear as *a, b, c*, and would it were the worst; for, leaving swindlers and moneyless adventurers out of the question, we are surprised that the infuriate multitude for Railroad making can shut their eyes to the tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands of pounds which are absorbed by projectors, solicitors, engineers, surveyors, parliamentary agents and such like, whose direct interest it is to keep this "kiln in a low," and who in great numbers are accumulating riches whilst they laugh at their dupes.

It is probable that the last session of the present parliament is at hand, and it will well become Sir Robt. Peel and his coadjutors to weigh attentively both what has been done and what remains to be done, for his position is a critical one. What an immense change has come over the domestic polity of the British empire since he assumed the office of prime minister! What an alteration in the practice of foreign trade, what an improvement in the perceptions of practical agriculturists, what misgivings in the minds of ultra corn-law protectors, what a confusion to the repealers, what fluctuations in public feeling as to his own public measures, what an onus will be placed upon him should a monetary disaster take place at or just before the dissolution of Parliament, what cavils and heartburnings will take place during the canvass, upon the subjects of India, and China, and Texas, and Oregon, and all the other small fry of political discussion and dispute, how many of his present adherents may stand firm in their principles, how many may bend to the blast, who may be the next to guide the helm of the State if it should be wrested from his grasp, and by what policy may his possible successor be himself guided. Nor does it much less behoove the several members of the present Parliament to take a retrospective view of their words, actions, and votes. The last session of a Parliament is one that generally calls up somewhat of a review, the vernal with the object of making their peace with their constituents ere it be too late, the conscientious in order to be prepared to vindicate their public conduct if it should be questioned. All will have to ponder over the signs of the times, and to adapt their future proposed measures to the changes in social and political life which are constantly occurring. Among the subjects which will press themselves most strongly on their attention will be found Free Trade and the Corn Laws, the one indeed being but the precursor of the other. Of the first, the British people—and the British Exchequer too—have already begun to feel the good effects, and with regard to the second it is no longer a question that it is the prevailing opinion out of doors, although its antagonists in Parliament are not yet overthrown. By Free Trade, let us say once for all, we by no means would be understood to mean the abrogation of all duties on foreign imports; revenue itself forbids that, and indeed national self defence imposes the necessity of it; but not to the extent to which it is too often carried, and wise nations would do well to accommodate each other, and make liberal commercial treaties, for there is no converting the abstract principle of Smith, that the less commerce is restricted by imposts the more it will thrive and the better it will before all parties.

With regard to the Corn Laws, it is probable that the winter before us will test their efficacy or their mischief; but the public mind is already in a great measure made up concerning them. The Premier also has given certain indications of change in his sentiments, though we believe he has entertained altered notions thereon during the greater part of last session, and the landlords are making "talks" of educating the agricultural part of the population. The landlords, in fact, are ready to do anything but either of the two things most essential to agricultural prosperity, to wit, reduced rents, or long leases; the latter is undoubtedly the best both for the farmer and for the country, for it would encourage the tenant to lay out capital, try experiments, and make improvements. This letting of farms from year to year, is a dead lock upon the advancement of agriculture, and no talk of educating can open it; but it is a check upon independence of thought, it is a hold which the landlord has upon his tenant's elective rights, and in the present position of things he does not like to give it up. But the fate of the system is sealed, a revolution is at hand, corn laws and tenantry will have to be given up as untenable policy, and "the wisdom of our ancestors" must give place to the positive convictions of our own day.

Instead of our own remarks upon Ireland, we give in another place a clever article from the London "Spectator," the most independent and perhaps the most enlightened journal of our times. It is painful to observe that the impartial conduct of the first minister of the crown should have alienated so large a portion of his political adherents as that which we observe of the Orange party in Ireland. The conduct of Mr. Watson was quite as faulty as that of the Irish magistracy who assisted at Repeal meetings. The Orange Association had already been declared illegal, and it was indispensable to the public character of the Minister to deal forth equal justice on both sides.

The British public have sustained a loss in the death of Earl Spencer, better and more truly known as the "honest Lord Althorp," once the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom in the best days of the Whigs, and subsequently revered as a landlord and respected as a scientific farmer. It is probable that had his life been farther extended he would never have returned to public busi-

ness whatsoever might be the changes in party, for his Lordship was ever averse to the extreme of political squabbles, but he would always have possessed an influence with the Whigs, who looked up to him as a conscientious upholder of their principles and who possessed firmness without animosity. His country in general and his own neighbours and dependents in particular, will sincerely regret his decease.

There is a schism in the Roman Catholic Church of Ireland, occasioned by the New Colleges resolution. Precisely two thirds of the hierarchy of that church have come out with a protest against the measure, and with a notification (an unnecessary one) that they have never changed their principles or their opinions on the subject. The names of the two Primates are not in the protest, nor is there a name in it which is of real weight in the "vexed question." But this is "beginning of the end," and the regeneration of Ireland, *without repeal*, is more nearly at hand than the enemies of peace would wish.

Among the Journalists of Europe, in the middle of the nineteenth century, there are actually to be found more than one entertaining grave and serious apprehensions that an important plot to revolutionise *all* Europe, exists in Switzerland, that land of fuss and party squabble upon religious, moral, and political grounds, that never satisfied, never unanimous agglomeration of *wee wee* republicans. Not but that the position is a good one enough for the centre of a vastly ramified plot, seeing that it converges on Italy, on France, on Germany, and on Greece, and that discontented and desperate spirits may here congregate, centralize, plot, and radiate in every direction;—but the *means* ascribed to the confederacy, wherewith to carry out their ends are really such as thinking men must smile at upon hearing. This *great* revolution is to be brought about through the agency of Atheism and Anarchy! Fifty years ago, or thereabouts, these two great engines of moral and political revolution were introduced into France, they had a great and sufficient trial there, a ten years practical exposition of their workings, and an immense body of workers, and what were the results of the experiment! The annals of France during that period will remain one great blot in her history until the very end of time, the remembrance of the scenes transacted in those years will be held in abhorrence by all who witnessed them, till the last moments of their mortal existence, and the records will be read by succeeding generations of Frenchmen with feelings of shame. They are now held up to view, the wide world over, as beacons to warn the nations of the earth against such pernicious principles, and yet whilst the records are fresh, and the times and circumstances are in living recollection, it is pretended that Atheism (which is the Religion of "The Fool,") and Anarchy, (to which even the Savage and the Robber are superior) are to be the moving causes of revolution at a period unequalled in the annals of the world for general piety, wisdom, and good order!—The idea is supremely ridiculous.

Poor Mr. O'Connell, and still more his son John, are in a fearful taking with the *Times* commissioner, who has had the hardihood to make remarks on the relative *physique* of the Celt and of the Saxon. Here is a new point of collision, and, trifling as it is, the agitator (like drowning men who catch at straws) seizes it with avidity, plays off a little indignation, and a few smart sayings, and will divert his followers by it from the main scent, until he have time to cudgel his brains for a fresh device more *a-propos* to the grand purpose. Poor man! Like Don John he will adopt anything that will "work mischief," and like Malvolio he sets himself gravely to work to make "M. O. A. I." apply to himself and his objects. The sorest point of all is that the rent languishes, and as it is evident, in cases like that of the Agitator, that the less there is coming in the more needful it is to lay out, it is killing work to perceive that receipt and expenditure are working at inverse proportion with each other. He will yet have either to take heart of grace and come out in sheer rebellion, or to clap his tail between his legs like a hunted fox, and say "the devil take the hindmost." Things cannot long remain as they are, for Sir Robert has taken his stand—a reasonable one—he grants all reasonable favors, and more even than they are willing to accept, but directly bars all progress in the direction opposed to the constitution. They must therefore either force the passage or give in.

The Cotton market shows a slight fall in prices but nothing alarming, for there is a steady demand, and full employment in factories; the truth is that the Railroad mania is employing all the capital that can be drawn from ordinary business. Thus we find that Iron is up to its high water mark, it can hardly be supplied fast enough; and, of the bills which were passed last session an immense number of them have already commenced to be in operation. The London "Britannia" gives the details of works fairly commenced, these estimates for which were thirty millions of pounds sterling, and which,—such are the improvements in these operations—will construct as much Railroad as formerly cost seventy millions.

The passing events on the European continent are of very meagre interest, Russia is smarting at the resistance which the brave mountaineers of the Caucasus offer to her power, and is resolving to overwhelm them; Prussia and Germany amuse themselves with religious disputations and the persecution of new apostles; France is indulging in the fortifying mania, having strengthened Paris, it is deemed proper to do the like to the entire French coast; Spain is proposing new honours to the *humane* Narvaez, and entertaining the royal suitors of the Royal house, and the rest of Europe are killing time in the best way they can. These and a few accidents, offences, births, marriages, and deaths, make up the sum of the "latest Intelligence."

Talking of births, by the bye, there has one occurred which removes still farther from the British crown the possession of Hanover. It could never devolve to England again, save collaterally, and the birth of a son to the Crown

Prince has increased the improbability. So much the better; it was always a source of heart burning and dissatisfaction to the English, and they will assuredly rejoice to believe that it is now permanently discovered.

AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER.—An American artist has constructed an Automaton chess player, that has already startled several who imagined themselves *cognoscenti* in the beautiful game of chess, and has even defeated some who are considered masters in the art—or science (?) We understand that it will shortly be publicly exhibited, but that in the meantime there is to be a private trial of skill, to which the most deeply initiated will be invited, and in which some of the professors will take part. We trust our worthy friend S. may be of the number. (in whose skill we have no small faith) and that we may have opportunity to witness the contest between them. Our contemporary "The Spirit of the Times" has a report of a game, played by the Automaton and an excellent Chess-player (Mr. Z.) together with remarks on different points of the play.

. We ask attention to the advertisement of Mrs. Mankin in our advertising columns. She proposes to receive the limited number of 10 or 12 pupils to be educated by her along with her own daughters. We believe that this lady has strong claims to attention, from her great qualifications for this important charge.

THE WELSH SOCIETY.—The third Anniversary of this Society will take place at the Minerva Rooms, Broadway, on Tuesday next. The objects of the Society are deserving of encouragement, and we trust that every Welshman who wishes the prosperity of his countrymen, will be there to lend a helping hand in protecting and giving advice to the Emigrants.

GILLOTT'S PENS.—We cannot in sheer justice, go on from day to day, writing with those admirable pens, so greatly to our convenience and comfort, without calling the attention of every one who handles a pen at all, to them. They are assorted to suit every hand, and every style of Calligraphy, and they are both lasting and cheap. See the advertisement on this head, in the proper columns.

NEW AND IMPORTANT VARIETY OF AMERICAN COAL.—We have lately tried a specimen of a Bituminous coal, produced in Pennsylvania, and of a quality which, so far as we can at present judge, far transcending any that has yet been brought to this market. It is called the *Sharon Coal*, from the mines of Curtis & Boyce, and there is every reason to believe that it is admirably adapted for nautical steam purposes as well as for domestic and other consumption. There has been but little of it yet brought to New York, but those who feel a desire to try it may be enabled to find some of it at the coal yard of Wood & Mabbatt, corner of Chamber and Washington streets. We are informed that next season there will be an ample supply of this fine coal in the market, as the proprietors are fully prepared to furnish it to any required amount. We have reason to know that its qualities are highly approved of by persons competent to decide thereon, and that large quantities of it could have been disposed of, if it had been deemed prudent to forward it at present; but we have no doubt that it will come exceedingly into demand on account of its comparative cheapness, all things considered.

This coal has been submitted to a careful analysis, under the examination of the well-approved Chemist, Mr. Jas. R. Chilton of this city, and the following is the result together with a comparison with other well known coal; viz:

THE SHARON COAL. (to which we have alluded above,) possesses carbon 90,043 parts, Hydrogen 4,62 parts, Nitrogen and Oxygen 2,917 parts, and Silica and Alumina (Ashes) 2,42 parts,—total 100 parts.

THE CUMBERLAND COAL possesses Carbon 86,86 parts, Hydrogen 2,14 parts, Nitrogen and Oxygen 2 parts, and Ashes 9 parts,—Total 100 parts.

ENGLISH CANNEL COAL possesses Carbon 83,75 parts, Hydrogen 5,66 parts, Nitrogen and Oxygen 8,04 parts, and Ashes 2,55 parts,—Total 100 parts.

BLOSSBURGH COAL possesses Carbon 69,06 parts, Bitumen 18,72 parts, Ashes 11,23 parts, Sulphur 0,18 parts, and Water 0,81 parts,—Total, 100 parts.

This examination and comparison, from an approved source, will enable all who are in the habit of consuming large quantities of coal, to understand the superiority of that to which we here call the general attention.

MUSIC AND MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER.

This distinguished Pianist and Composer was born at Vienna on 20th of December, 1816. He is of a noble family, his father being State Counsellor and Knight at the Austrian Court. His brother Johan de Meyer formerly held the rank of Court physician at Constantinople and is now Court physician to the reigning Prince of Wallachia, and is well known in Europe as one of the most distinguished geologists of our age. At an early age Leopold was sent to the University of Vienna, which he left in 1832 to study law. Bred up with high expectations and educated in luxury, he was ill-prepared to meet with the sudden wrench that awaited him; by the sudden death of his father, he was left to the bent of his own inclination, and he determined to prosecute his favorite science, that of music. While quite a child he was exceedingly fond of the pianoforte and was continually playing anything he heard, by ear, after his own fashion; and before he had reached his sixteenth year he had already become so wonderful an amateur performer that his company was eagerly sought in the most fashionable saloons of Vienna. The Emperor of Austria having heard of his success expressed a desire to listen to him; and accordingly the young pianist performed before their Imperial Majesties, and their Court. From that day, and circumstance, may be dated the commencement of the brilliant

career of the future great artist; for nearly two years he applied himself to study under Francois Schubert and Czerny. Before he was 19 he travelled to Bucharest, the Capital of Wallachia, where his success was a foretelling of his future greatness. His concerts in Jassy and Odessa were still more successful. In this last named city Count Witte, General-in-Chief of the Russian cavalry, induced him to journey to St. Petersburg, where in a very few months he created an extraordinary sensation. He received the greatest marks of favor from the Imperial family and received his diploma of *pianiste extraordinaire* to the Russian Court from the hand of the Emperor himself. In consequence of his popularity and profitable situation, L. de Meyer remained in Russia from 1835 to 1843. At this period and at the suggestion of his brother he went to Constantinople where the English ambassador, Sir Stratford Canning, took him under his special protection and introduced him to Abdul Medschid, the late Sultan of Turkey.

From Turkey, L. de Meyer retraced his steps to his native city, Vienna, where he gave a dozen concerts, every one of which was to a crowded audience. He was now appointed pianist to the Emperor of Austria by a special diploma, and was also made an honorary member of the Conservatoire of Vienna.

The wonderful pianist then visited all the German states where he created quite a *furor*. In Belgium he was the rage prevailing; as to Paris we can hardly find expressions to give an idea of his success. His *Marche Marocaine*, which we were the first to mention here, was transferred into orchestral score by Hector Berlioz, one of the greatest and most original composers of our age. *La France Musicale*, which is one of the best musical papers in Europe, spoke thus of Leopold de Meyer: "This pianist can play with one finger what others cannot accomplish with both hands. It is impossible to carry either power or agility to a greater extent. The *Marche Marocaine*, the *Nocturnes*, *Bajazet*, *Norma*, *Lucrezia*, *Le galop di bravura* are the favourite pieces in which he displays all the elegance of his peculiar manner, all the thunder of his extraordinary genius. Compared to the achievement of De Meyer the performance of all others is actually frigid."

After a most triumphant success in London, Leopold de Meyer has now come to these shores where he will doubtless receive a most brilliant receptory. We are personally able to say that he is not only a very great artist, but a man of heart and a perfect gentleman. His countenance is of a frank, animated and intelligent; his features are expressive of indomitable good spirits and everlasting humour. Indeed he appears to be of one of the best tempered men we have ever met with. In private life he is said to be an excellent companion, being within the best sense of the word, and an admirable mimic. From his education he is of course a man of learning and acquirement, from his travelling and mixing so much with the most refined circles a man of practical knowledge and information.

We cannot end this short biographical sketch without expressing our best wishes for the success of the greatest pianist who has ever lived.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER AT THE PARK THEATRE.—We have given in another place a hasty biography of this very wonderful artist, we have now to speak of his performances at the Park theatre. As every one is aware the first took place on Monday evening last. The anxiety was great among the musicians of this city, for the most competent judges had already proclaimed Leopold de Meyer "the pianist *par excellence*" of our age. The artist had invited the musical talent and several editors and *litterateurs* of the city, and gave them as we understood the most admirable private concert which has ever been listened to; but unfortunately we were labouring under a severe indisposition and were prevented from enjoying the splendid treat. But as many of our *confreres* were more fortunate than we, the *soirée* of last Saturday was spoken of in every circle, and on Monday there was an anxious crowd at the theatre. The concert commenced with a beautiful fantasia with variations on the *Lucrezia Borgia* drinking song. The pianist was enthusiastically received and could not begin before several minutes. At length he sat down, and without prelude or preparation he commenced with the most astounding, the most original and difficult running passage we have ever heard. After a remarkable introductory *tema* was given with the most exquisite elegance, and then came several beautiful and admirable variations. The first was delightful. There is one, of the greatest difficulty: whilst the right hand runs with the rapidity of lightning, the left one passes over in precipitation and gives at the same time the harmony and the singing part of the variation.—This piece was long and loudly applauded and the artist had to resume his seat. Although "*encore, encore*" had been the general request, he performed a sweet, melodious and arial *notturno* in D flat, and then naturally repeated the *Lucrezia* song and finale (in F sharp). The second part of the concert was no less brilliant than the first: the far-famed *Marche Marocaine* was listened to with admiration almost amounting to stupefaction. Nobody could believe that, with ten digits only, a man makes every one forget the rapidity of steam, the power of atmospheric pressure, or the magnetic telegraph. Neither could people suppose that a piano may rival the power of an orchestra. *La Marche Marocaine* was received with a thunder of applause and the pianist, loudly called, was twice obliged to return the compliment. He played a most enchanting piece on a *Russian air*, if we are not mistaken.

On Wednesday a similar crowd and a similar complete *furor*. The fantasia on *Lucia* is a charming fairy-like composition. It is full of feeling, delicacy and sweet melody. We have no words to describe the boundless applause, the general ecstasy of the numerous audience. Another piece was performed and elicited the same rapture. We do not speak of the *Marche Marocaine*, it is quite superfluous to praise it any further.

The manner of Leopold de Meyer is unique. He does not play either like H. Herr, Kalkbrenner, Halle, Prudent, Chopin, Liszt or Thalberg; but he can

play in the different styles of each of them; he has adopted a series of difficulties which none of them can. We consider him as the Paganini of the piano, without any model in past times and without any possible rival for the present. He combines energy with a lady-like touch, power with softness, lightning rapidity with the most admirable faculty of moderating his amazing run. He not only makes the cadenza in perfection but no other pianist could perform octaves for both hands with the same quickness and precision. We could write pages of praise and admiration, but we prefer to say merely: go readers and hear for yourselves; listen to him and admire with us.

MR. TEMPLETON'S MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS.—This delightful vocalist has literally taken the musical world by storm. Palmo's opera-house on his nights are crowded to excess and there are all sorts of commotions in consequence of disputed rights of seat. On Friday the 17th he gave his second Soirée which consisted of the melange given by him at the Burns commemoration last year. What can we say of him at this second appearance? We can but observe that he sang throughout in that spirited and elegant style which was so greatly admired on the first night; he throws his soul into his singing, so that the hearer does not barely listen to a national melody, but is carried away with the sentiment to which the music is attached. The listener is moved in sympathy with the poet, and his heart beats time with the composer. With all this, Mr. Templeton's powers as a raconteur form no small auxiliary force to the entertainments, which are truly so delectable these audiences fancy the hours have gone too swiftly.

On Monday evening last he repeated the performances of the previous Wednesday, and on Wednesday evening he went back to the times of the Stewarts, in which he threw considerable light at once, on the music, the manners, and even the history of those days. The evening was a rich one, in point of vocalism and information, and there was one peculiar charm which must not be overlooked. For many a year the "Last words of Marmion" have been considered as appropriated to the voice of Braham alone, both in England and in America, and no one has dared to touch it in public, but that veteran singer, until Templeton laid hold of it. He knew his own powers, and he was correct in his knowledge; and those who listened to his strains on Wednesday night, will admit that Braham in his best days never went beyond Templeton in effect, in singing that fine song, whilst the action of our present vocalist is such as the veteran never could approach.

We regret deeply that we are on the eve of losing him for several months, as we understand his engagements will take him rapidly through the cities of the United States, from Boston to New Orleans; but we perceive by his advertisement, in our columns to day, that he will give us an additional night next week. Our best wishes will attend him during his rambles, and we venture to assure him that he will be welcomed on his return among us.

Cricketer's Chronicle.

FIRST HOME AND HOME MATCH OF CRICKET

BETWEEN THE NEWARK CLUB, N.J., AND SECOND ELEVEN OF ST. GEORGE'S CLUB OF NEW YORK.

The First Match between the Newark Club, and the Second Eleven of the St. George's Club, was played on Monday last on the ground of the latter. It would be hardly fair to go very circumstantially into the details of the Newark members' play, seeing that the Club is as yet hardly organised, and the players have had but little practice with each other. Nevertheless they have abundance of good *material*, they know how to handle the bat and the ball, and want only the tact of good placing, fielding, and community of action. In the course of another season, if they take due pains, they will be found antagonists of no contemptible pretensions, for they are all young or in middle age, healthy, athletic, active, and Englishmen who have played the game at home. They are for the most part Sheffielders, and nearly if not quite all, Yorkshiremen; therefore if they be beaten they will not *stay beaten*, and we have every reason to believe that the noble exercise of Cricket will sustain no disgrace in their hands. The names of Messrs. Wheatcroft and Bage, in their party, will be familiar to our cricketing readers; these gentlemen are members of both clubs, as they have lately taken up their residence in and near the neighbouring city, which is but twenty minutes ride from New York; and they have played against their old confederates with a view to keep up friendly competition in this finest of athletic sports.

For the reasons we have given we shall not now enter into the details of the play; the Return Match will be played at Newark on Monday next, being, we presume, the last we shall have to chronicle this season. The following is the score:—

ST. GEORGE'S CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
J. Buckley, Jr., b. Wheatcroft.....	3	c. Tregear, b. Beaver.....	23
Vinten, b. Wheatcroft.....	2	b. Wheatcroft.....	2
Eyre, c. Greathead, b. Stoddart..	4	b. Wheatcroft.....	2
F. Tinson, b. Stoddart.....	9	b. Stoddart.....	7
Nash, b. Stoddart.....	3	b. Stoddart.....	8
Garvin, b. Wheatcroft.....	1	b. Wheatcroft.....	2
Spawforth, b. Wheatcroft.....	6	run out.....	0
Parker, not out.....	15	b. Wheatcroft.....	36
Platt, leg before wicket.....	0	not out.....	8
J. T. Shaw, b. Stoddart.....	5	b. Wheatcroft.....	0
Waller, b. Wheatcroft.....	2	b. Beaver.....	0
Byes.....	10	Byes.....	5
No Balls, Wheatcroft 1, Stoddart 3	4	Stoddart.....	1
Total.....	64	Total.....	94

NEWARK CLUB, N.J.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Wheatcroft, b. Buckley.....	20	c. Parker, b. Nash.....	9
J. Elverson, run out.....	0	b. Eyre.....	0
G. Elverson, c. Spawforth, b. Buckley	8	b. Eyre.....	0
Beaver, run out.....	3	run out.....	2
Bage, c. Spawforth, b. Nash.....	0	c. Buckley, b. Nash.....	9
Stoddart, b. Eyre.....	5	c. Nash, b. Platt.....	1
Greathead, b. Eyre.....	2	not out.....	1
Stainsley, b. Nash.....	1	b. Eyre.....	3
Waterfield, b. Nash.....	1	c. Waller, b. Eyre.....	2
E. Elverson, not out.....	0	b. Platt.....	0
Tregear, c. Vinten, b. Nash.....	2	c. Eyre, b. Nash.....	8
Byes.....	3	Byes.....	0
Wide, Buckley 2, Nash 1.....	3	Wide, Nash.....	1
No Balls, Nash.....	1	No Balls, Platt.....	1
Total.....	49	Total.....	37

CRICKET MATCH,

BETWEEN THE QUEEN CITY AND WESTERN CRICKET CLUBS, PLAYED ON THE 7TH AND 8TH INST.
QUEEN CITY CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Beeching, b. G. Godden.....	0	b. S. Ladd.....	5
Barker, b. S. Ladd.....	0	c. G. Godden.....	5
Haddlesley, b. G. Godden.....	7	b. S. Ladd.....	10
Leeson, b. S. Ladd.....	0	leg before wicket.....	2
Howard, put self out.....	11	c. Brooks.....	0
Hattersley, run out.....	7	b. S. Ladd.....	8
Brown, b. Godden.....	0	b. S. Ladd.....	0
Eckles, b. Dean.....	5	b. S. Ladd.....	0
Baker, b. G. Godden.....	3	not out.....	5
Manison, not out.....	10	leg before wicket.....	6
Fisher, b. S. Ladd.....	4	b. S. Ladd.....	0
Wide Balls.....	6	Wide Balls.....	6
Byes.....	5	Byes.....	8
No Balls.....	1	No Balls.....	1
Total.....	58	Total.....	56

WESTERN CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Dean, leg before wicket.....	13	b. Leeson.....	6
S. Ladd, b. Leeson.....	1	b. Brown.....	7
W. Ladd, b. Leeson.....	2	b. Brown.....	5
White, run out.....	1	b. Brown.....	0
G. Godden, c. Hattersley.....	1	b. Leeson.....	5
Brooks, b. Leeson.....	2	b. Brown.....	2
Aldridge, run out.....	0	b. Brown.....	2
Wilson, s. Leeson.....	0	b. Brown.....	0
E. Godden, b. Leeson.....	2	b. Brown.....	0
Buckingham, b. Brown.....	1	b. Leeson.....	1
Crooks, not out.....	0	not out.....	1
Byes.....	10	Byes.....	1
Total.....	33	Total.....	31

Queen City winning the Match by 50 runs.—Terminating on Wednesday at 12 o'clock.—Cincinnati Ohio Union.

Literary Notices.

MORSE'S CEROGGRAPHIC MAPS.—The Harpers have just issued No. I. of the above series beautifully executed in colors. The size of this new Atlas is 15 by 12 inches, large enough to admit of great distinctness in their delineation. Such a work has been long needed, and under the auspices of Mr. Morse, it cannot fail of success; the Maps are thoroughly revised and perfected up to the present time; and when completed, this work will form not only the cheapest but the best Atlas yet published.

DR. BLAIR'S SERMONS.—New York: Harpers.—A new and elegant edition of this well-known production, complete in one volume, is a most acceptable offering to the students and theologian, as well as the intelligent reader. Dr. Blair is one of the first rhetoricians of the language, everything from his polished pen therefore must prove a boon.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED SHAKESPEARE.—The present number contains "Timon of Athens;" the embellishments to which are exceedingly well designed and engraved, as indeed is the case with all the illustrations of this splendid edition of Shakespeare.

THE MYSTERIES OF TOBACCO.—By Rev. Benj. J. Lane.—New York: Wiley and Putnam.—Most sincerely do we rejoice to find that an author has been found bold enough to write, and Publishers to issue, a work that goes right in the teeth of the filthiest, the dirtiest, the most deteriorating, the most expensive, the most disgusting and the most useless of all the bad practices by which the present age is distinguished.—"The mischievous and abominable consumption of Tobacco." The reverend writer goes right to the point, he attacks his enemy face to face, there is neither any mincing of matters, nor replying to his arguments, and if he fail to be victorious at prevailing it will be from no other cause than the determined wallowing in the mire of the abomination, or that feebleness of individual argument which amounts to "We cannot give it up, we have become so used to it that it has become second nature to us."—Bah!—The text is preceded by an "Inscription and Introduction" by Rev. Dr. Cox, of Brooklyn, which is as cogent in its arguments as it is severe against offenders. We trust that it will be read by the public, and that those to whom it is most particularly addressed will also "mark, learn and inwardly digest what they find in the work."

Comfortable Berth for a Lady's Maid.—As it had become a habit with her

to find nothing well done when she entered her bed-room, it was rare that the bed was made to her liking; and, generally, she ordered it to be made over again in her presence. Whilst this was doing she would smoke her pipe, then call for the sugar basin to eat two or three lumps of sugar, then for a clove to take away the mawkish taste of the sugar. The girls, in the meantime, would go on making the bed, and be saluted every now and then, for some mark of stupidity, with all sorts of appellations. The night lamp was then lighted, a couple of yellow wax lights were placed ready for use in the recess of the window; and, all things being apparently done for the night, she would get into bed, and the maid whose turn it was to sleep in the room (for latterly she always had one) having placed herself, dressed as she was, on her mattress behind the curtain which ran across the room, the other servant was dismissed. But hardly had she shut the door and reached her own sleeping room, flattering herself that her day's work was over, when the bell would ring, and she was told to get broth and lemonade, or orgeat directly. This, when brought, was a new trial for the maids. Lady Hester Stanhope took it on a tray placed on her lap as she sat up in bed, and it was necessary for one of the two servants to hold the candle in one hand, and shade the light from her mistress's eyes with the other. The contents of the basin were sipped once or twice and sent away; or, if she ate a small bit of dried toast, it was considered badly made, and a fresh piece was ordered, perhaps not to be touched. This being removed, the maid would again go away, and throw herself on her bed; and, as she wanted no rocking, in ten minutes would be sound asleep. But, in the meantime, her mistress had felt some twitch in some part of her body, and ding ding goes the bell again. Now, as servants when fatigued, do sometimes sleep so sound as not to hear, and sometimes are purposely deaf, Lady H. Stanhope had got in the quadrangle of her own apartments a couple of active fellows, a part of whose business it was to watch by turns during the night, and see that the maids answered the bell; they were, therefore, sure to be roughly shaken out of their sleep, and, on going, half stupid, into her ladyship's room, would be told to prepare a fomentation of camomile, or elder flowers, or mallows, or the like. The gardener was to be called, water was to be boiled, and the house again was all in motion. During these preparations, perhaps Lady Hester Stanhope would recollect some order she had previously given about some honey, or some flower, or some letter—no matter however trifling—and whoever had been charged with the execution of it was to be called out of his bed whatever the hour of the night might be, to be cross-questioned about it. There was no rest for anybody in her establishment, whether they were placed within her own quadrangle, or outside of it. Dar Joon was in a state of incessant agitation all night.

Recipe for a Spanish Pronunciamento.—The recipe for a Spanish Pronunciamento is very simple. Buy over three or four officers and a dozen sergeants of a regiment. Give twenty dollars to each officer, and a four dollar piece to each of the sergeants; give a *peseta* to a blind news hawker, and a well invented tale of political rascality of any kind; distribute a score of rusty guns and pistols among as many *mauvais sujets*; appoint a particular hour for an explosion, and the thing is almost as infallibly accomplished as the recent blowing up of the Shakspeare Cliff at Dover. Dispose your *mauvais sujets* by twos and threes in any one of the public places or squares. These are the nuclei of groups, which are sure speedily to form around them; let your blackguards and ringleaders fire some blank cartridge in the air, throw in (if you will) the ringing of a church bell or two, and the breaking of a few obnoxious windows.

"To make the gruel thick and slab." The unwonted noise arouses the soldiers in their barracks, the sergeants speedily "insurrectionise" their battalions, the prepaid officers are curiously on the spot—by accident—to sanction the sergeants' doings in the name of the higher powers; *vinas* are uttered, the streets are paraded, "the new system is enthroned," and the pronunciamento is already "*un fait accompli*!"—*Revelations of Spain*.

DR. BRANDRETH'S PILLS. TENEAE OR TAPE WORMS ENTIRELY ERADICATED WITH DR. BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

READING, Fairfield Co., Conn.

Dr. Benjamin Brandreth—Dear Sir: I have been troubled with the tape worm for 12 years; many have come from me, from 20 to 30 feet long—more or less every day of shorter ones—every two or three weeks I had a sick time from them—pressure at stomach—heavy load—many have crawled from me while at work—injure my health so much that I was not able to work one half the time—spent a great deal of time and money, in consulting physicians and taking their prescriptions—have been reduced very low by taking medicine, without effect—last Fall heard of BRANDRETH'S PILLS as a CURE ALL—had but little faith in them, but was determined to try any, every thing I could find at all probable to cure, thinking that without some remedy I must be destroyed by them. I procured one box, took one dose, and one worm came from me 10 feet long—took the second and third, which cleaned them all out, and I have not had one since. I have, however, taken several boxes of Pills since, but have seen no appearance of worms. It is now ten months since and I have gradually recovered my health, and am now able to attend to my business as usual, and have no doubt they are all extinct. When I was afflicted with worms, I wanted to consume three times as much food as I would if in good health. Now I take my regular meals, and am hearty and enjoying good health, and able to do a good day's work. The last worm that came from me was 12 feet long. I have not the least doubt that it was Brandreth's Pills [your valuable Vegetable Medicine] that effected the cure, as every thing else that I could hear of was tried without effect.

Remember, Druggists are not permitted to sell my Pills—if you purchase of them you will obtain a counterfeit.

B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office for these celebrated Pills is at 241 Broadway; also at 274 Bowery, and 241 Hudson-street, New York; Mrs Booth's, 5 Market-street, Brooklyn.

MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, 297 Broadway, New York.

F. RILEY & Co., (one of the oldest publishing houses and manufacturers of Instruments in the U. S.), keep constantly on hand a well assorted stock of Music, to which they add constantly, their own and all the new publications as soon as issued, which with their stock of Instruments (manufactured by themselves and imported) and other Musical merchandise enables them to fill any order they may be favored with in the United States, Canada, or the West Indies, with promptness and despatch.

Military bands supplied, and Instruments warranted, Orders from Schools and Academies solicited.

Sept. 13-3m.

BOARDING IN SOUTH BROOKLYN—A small family are desirous of increasing their domestic circle by the addition of three or four members. They have pleasant single rooms, with conveniences for fire, which will be rented, with breakfast and tea. The locality is very desirable in Warren street near Henry, about 5 minutes walk from South Ferry. Address L. at this Office. Oct. 25th.

MRS. MANKIN, residing in the Township of Yonkers, in Westchester, 16 miles from the city of New York, having opened a School for the Education of her own daughters, will receive ten or twelve other young Misses into her family to be educated with them.

The Fall term will commence the first Thursday in November. Circulars containing terms, &c., may be found at the office of the "Anglo American," No. 4 Barclay Street, Astor Building. Oct. 11-1m*

CHURCH.—PARLOUR AND CHURCH BARREL ORGANS.

THE subscriber continues to manufacture Organs in the most superior manner, and upon liberal terms.

Also, those most useful Instruments—Church Barrel Organs—of which he was the first to introduce into this country—and for country Churches where Organists cannot be procured, they are invaluable.—

He has been awarded the first Premiums, Viz. Gold and Silver Medals, for the best Organs, for the last six successive years, at the great Fair of the American Institute, of this city.

GEORGE JARDINE, Organ Builder,

83 Anthony St. New York.

Aug. 23.—6m.

SPANISH GUITAR REPOSITORY,

190, Grand Street, corner of Mott.

LADIES AND AMATEURS who are desirous of obtaining a Guitar equal to the Harp, are respectfully invited to stop at C. ROGERS'S Guitar Store where their orders will be gratefully received and punctually attended to. Good toned second-hand Guitars to loan or hire. [Sept. 13-2m*]

NEW ORGAN.

MR. GEORGE JARDINE, of this city, having lately erected an Organ in the Prot. Reformed Dutch Church in Franklin St., the subscribers cannot refrain from expressing in the present form, their unqualified approbation of the Instrument, with which they have been furnished from his manufactory.

They also feel it to be due to that gentleman, to bear their decided testimony in favour of his character and conduct, as developed in their recent business transactions with him.

A person so liberal in his terms, and true to his engagements, so honourable in his dealings and courteous in his manners, can not fail (in their opinion) to commend himself to the confidence of the Religious community, as an Organ Builder; and to secure for himself a large share of public patronage in the line of his profession.

New York, July 14, 1845.

Signed by Jas. B. Hardenberg, Pastor of the Church. Ben. Wood, John Barringer, D. T. Blauvelt, Theo. Brett, Matthew Duff, Henry Esler, Leon'd. Bleeker, Stephen Williamson, Harman Blauvelt, members of the consistory. C. N. B. Ostrander, Levi Appar, Peter Vannest, Organ Committee.

Aug. 23—6m.

FOR THE CURE OF BALDNESS AND GREY HAIR,

BY LETTERS PATENT OF THE U. S.

CILREHUGH'S TRICOPHEROUS cures Baldness, prevents Grey hair entirely, and eradicates Scurf and Dandruff. This article differs from all the other advertised nostrums of the day. Its manufacture is based upon a thorough physiological knowledge of the growth of the hair and its connection with the skin, as well as a knowledge of the various diseases which affect both. The Tricopherous is not intended to anoint the hair with, its application is only to the skin, and to act through the skin on the nerves, blood vessels, &c., connected with the root or bulb of the hair. Thus by keeping up the action on the skin, encouraging a healthy circulation which must not be allowed to subside, the baldest head may be again covered with a new growth, and the greyest hair changed to its original colour. It is admirably adapted as a wash for the head, having the same effect upon Scurf and Dandruff that hot water has upon sugar, clearing every furaceous appearance from the skin, which is frequently the primary cause of baldness and grey hair. In most cases one bottle will stop the hair from falling off. Principal office 305 Broadway, (up stairs), adjoining St. Paul's, and sold by all respectable Druggists and Perfumers in the principal cities of the U.S., Canada, Cuba, Brazil, &c. Sept. 6-3m.

J. BYRNE'S CHEAP CASH TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT, No. 26 ANN STREET,

Would respectfully call the attention of the public to his following low list of prices:—

Fine Dress and Frock Coats	\$12.00
Making and Trimming	5.00 to 8.00
Cassimere Pants	4.00 to 8.00
Making and Trimming	1.50 to 2.00
Vests	3.00 to 5.00
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The proprietor feels assured that for style and workmanship, he cannot be surpassed by any house in the city.

Gentlemen are requested to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere. Aug. 30-4f.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

GENTLEMEN or Families going to Europe or elsewhere, who would disencumber themselves of their superfluous effects such as WEARING APPAREL, either Ladies or Gentlemen's, JEWELRY, FIRE ARMS, &c. &c., by sending for the Subscriber, will obtain a liberal and fair price for the same.

H. LEVETT,

Office No. 2 Wall-street, N.Y.

Families and gentlemen attended at their residence by appointment.

All orders left at the Subscriber's Office, or sent through the Post Office, will be punctually attended to. My 34-1y.

JAMES PIRSSON,

PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURER,

No. 88, 90 and 92 Walker Street, near Elm.

Has a large stock of the finest Instruments always on hand.

TERMS MODERATE.

[Jul-6m.

SUPERIOR PRIVATE APARTMENTS, WITH OR WITHOUT BOARD.—A limited number of Gentlemen, or married couples, but without young children, may be accommodated with spacious apartments in one of the most eligible locations of the city; and with any proportion of board that may best suit their requirements. The most unexceptionable references will be given and required. Apply at No. 137 Hudson Street, in St. John's Park.

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 4. LONDON, forming six volumes, in super royal 8vo., extending to 2500 pages and containing 600 wood cuts, bound in cloth.—\$13.50.
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- Also, —The MAPS of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," complete and bound in 2 vols., 1 Russia, with an Index to Places.—\$55.00. (Sept. 20—f.)

EDUCATION.

REV. R. T. HUDDART'S CLASSICAL AND COMMERCIAL BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

Fourteenth Street, between University Place and Fifth Avenue.

THE buildings for this Establishment have been erected expressly for the purposes intended, according to plans carefully prepared with reference to the specific object in view, and whether it be the extent of the accommodation, the general convenience for order, system, and regularity, or the comfort of the Pupils which had to be consulted, all have received an equal share of attention, forming, it is believed, one of the best arranged places for Education in the city.

The Institution occupies a front on Fourteenth Street of 75 feet, by 56 feet deep, five stories high, supplied throughout with Croton Water, and each story furnished with screw pipe to connect with hose in case of fire, besides facilities of egress, beyond what are usually provided. The dormitories consist of thirty-two separate rooms, well ventilated, neatly furnished, calculated to hold two, and some of them three pupils each. Hot, cold, and shower baths are constantly ready for use; in short, every thing which could be desired, or thought of, to preserve the health, promote the comfort and advance the education of young gentlemen, with all the supervision, restrictions, and guarantees of a well regulated School have been concentrated. In the rear of the play ground, on 13th-st., a spacious room has been built, 75 feet by 30—fitted up with all the apparatus of a First Class Gymnasium—where the pupils can play in unfavourable weather, and which is likewise intended for lectures and forensic exercises.

The School Department is so constructed as to bring all the classes under the supervision of the Master, from one central point of observation, thus enabling him to co-operate essentially with his Associate Teachers in the maintenance of order and discipline. The desks and seats provided for each pupil, are such as will satisfy every parent, that the growth of the body, and development of the physical frame, have not been forgotten in the arrangements of the establishment.

The situation is, perhaps the most eligible which could have been selected, as regards health, and facility of access. All the advantages of the best instructors and of the most complete and available, whilst the benefits of a country residence are gained by the most athletic exercises which can be enjoyed in the spacious play-ground, or in the Gymnasium.

Further information as to course of study, and other particulars interesting to parents, may be obtained on application to Mr. Huddart, at his residence in Fourteenth street.

TERMS.—For Boarders \$300 per annum, (without accomplishments).—Day Boarders \$50 per quarter.—Day Scholars \$30 per quarter. Oct. 18.

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THE insured entitled to participation of profits on both European and American policies.

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The following are among the advantages held out by this institution, which are of great importance to the assured, and such as are seldom offered by Life Insurance Companies, viz:—

The peculiar advantage secured to the assured by the principles of the LOAN Department, thus blending the utility of a Savings Bank with Life Insurance! A large sum to be permanently invested in the United States in the names of three of the Local Directors, (as Trustees)—available always to the assured as a Guarantee Fund.

The payment of premiums, annually, half-yearly, quarterly, or monthly.

No charge for stamp duty.

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Conditions in the policy less onerous to the assured than usual in cases of Life Assurance. (See pamphlet.)

The actual and declared profits (published in successive Reports) affording sure data for calculations of the value of the "bonus" in this institution. These profits will at each division be paid in cash if desired.

Being unconnected with Marine or Fire Insurance.

The rates "for life with profits" are lower than those of any other foreign COMPANY EFFECTING LIFE INSURANCE in New York.

The public are respectfully requested to examine the distinguishing principles of this institution—their tables of rates—their distribution of profits—and the facilities afforded by their Loan Department—before deciding to insure elsewhere.

A Medical Examiner is in attendance at the office daily, at 12 o'clock noon, and 3 o'clock, P.M. Fee paid by the Society.

(Sept. 6.)

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent.

HOTEL DE PARIS.

ANTHONY VIGNES, one of the late proprietors of the Perkins House, Boston, respectfully informs his friends and the travelling public, that he has opened the house No. 290 Broadway, entrance on Reade-Street, called the HOTEL DE PARIS, where he will be happy to accommodate those who may patronize him, with Board and Lodging, by the day, week or month, on the most reasonable terms.

The table will be furnished with the best the market affords, and the Wines and Liquors of very superior quality. Oct. 4—3m.

DISBROW'S RIDING SCHOOL, 408 BOWERY.

NEAR ASTOR AND LA FAYETTE PLACE, NEW YORK.

MR. DISBROW has the honour to announce that his School is open Day and Evening, for Equestrian Tuition and exercise Riding.

TERMS:

LECTURE LESSONS.		EXERCISE RIDING.	
16 Lessons.....	\$15 00	1 Month.....	\$12 00
10 do.....	10 00	20 Rides.....	10 00
4 do.....	5 00	10 do.....	6 00
Single Lessons.....	2 00	Single Rides.....	75
Road do.....	2 50		

N. B.—Highly trained and quiet Horses, for the Road or Parade, to let.

RULES.

- 1.—All Lessons or Rides paid for on commencing.
- 2.—One hour allowed on each Lesson or Ride in School.
- 3.—One hour and a half to a Lesson on the Road.
- 4.—Hours for Ladies, from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
- 5.—Hours for Gentlemen, from 6 to 8 A. M. and 3 to 7 P. M.
- 6.—No Gentlemen admitted during the hours appropriated to Ladies.

A card of address is requested previous to commencing.
If Gentlemen keeping their horses in this establishment, will have the privilege of riding them in the school gratis. Aug 16—3m.

AN EFFECTUAL CURE FOR THE TOOTHACHE.

THE remedy known as SANDS'S CLOVE ANODYNE TOOTHACHE DROPS, is universally conceded to be the best preparation for preventing aching teeth known. While it does not injure the tooth, and dispenses with the aid of a Dentist, it kills the pain and removes all soreness from the gums. These drops should be in possession of every family, for their use and comfort in removing one of the most disagreeable pains to which we are liable.

The following testimony from one of our most distinguished practical Dentists will be considered sufficient evidence of its merits:—

New York, Dec. 19, 1844.

Messrs. A. B. Sands & Co.—Gentlemen:—In the course of my practice I have extensively used, with much success, your CLOVE ANODYNE, for the relief of the Toothache; and as I constantly recommend it to my patients, I deem it just to impart my satisfaction to you—I am yours, very respectfully.

M. LEVETT, Dentist,

Prepared and sold by A. B. SANDS & Co., Chemists and Druggists, 273 Broadway, cor. of Chambers-street, (Granite Buildings). Sold at 79 Fulton-street, and 77 East Broadway, and by all respectable Druggists in town and country. Be particular and ask for SANDS'S CLOVE ANODYNE.—Price 25 cents. Ag 2—3m.

GUNTER'S DINING SALOON,

No. 147 Fulton Street, New York.

H. G. GUNTER having taken the above house, begs leave respectfully to inform his numerous friends in the City and Country that the Establishment has under his charge undergone a thorough renovation, and it now affords one of the most elegant and eligible places of refreshment in the City, for visitors or those whose business or professional pursuits require them to be in the lower part of the city during the hours of Meals.

H. G. G. would also assure those who may be disposed to favor him with their patronage, that while the viands shall in all cases be the best the markets can afford, the charges will at all times be confined within the limits of the most rigid economy.

Open on Sundays.

Jan 14—6m.

ROMAN EYE-BALSAM.

GIVE US MORE LIGHT!—The greatest and most exquisitely affecting calamity that can possibly befall a person of refined taste, and who has a capacity for enjoying all the glorious sights in this beautiful world, is a disease of the eyes. The world itself would offer little satisfaction to the poor unfortunate suddenly deprived of sight; and even love and friendship lose one half of their sweetness, when the object of endearment or affection can no longer be grasped by those delicate fingers of light which the soul puts out through the eyes to embrace whatever she holds dear. The blind! the dark! the dimly seeing! now keen the commiseration their unhappy lot inspires! Is it not, then, something to be happy about that there has been discovered a Balsam that will cure—absolutely and effectually cure—weak, sore, and inflamed eyes, which, unless treated in time, always increase, and generally lead to total blindness! Be warned in time, and go seek the remedy, while you can yet see your way.

The Roman Eye Balsam is a prescription of one of the most celebrated oculists—has been a long time in use, and is confidently recommended to the public as the best and most successful salve ever used for inflammatory diseases of the Eye. In cases where the eyelids are very inflamed, or the ball of the eye thickly covered with blood, it acts almost like magic, and removes all appearances of disease after two or three applications. In dimness of sight, caused by fixed attention to minute objects, or by long exposure to a strong light, and in the weakness or partial loss of sight from sickness or old age, it is a sure restorer, and should be used by all who find their eyesight failing without any apparent disease. This Balsam has restored sight in many instances where almost total blindness, caused by excessive inflammation, had existed for years. Inflammation and soreness, caused by blows, contusions or wounds on the eye, or by extraneous bodies of an irritable nature introduced under the eyelids, is very soon removed by the application of the Balsam. One trial will convince the most incredulous of its astonishing efficacy. Put up in jars with full directions for use. Prepared and sold by A. B. SANDS & Co., Wholesale and Retail Chemists and Druggists, 273 Broadway, cor. Chambers-st., Granite Building, and 79 Fulton-st.; 77 East Broadway. Sold also by Druggists generally, in town and country. Ag 2—3m.



GENUINE BEARS' OIL.

PLINY, the celebrated Naturalist, speaking of Bears, informs us that their Oil was used by Cleopatra as the most nutritive substance which could be applied to her magnificent hair. Science has given the Moderns no compound for this purpose equal to the provisions afforded by Nature in the grease of the Bear. Its effects, especially in the form of Oil, are truly wonderful. The capillary roots are strengthened; the bulbs are nourished; and the young hair increases in quantity. Even bald spots become fertile under its influence. If the roots have not been totally annihilated; and this is rarely the case, except at an advanced age, in fact, the GENUINE BEARS' OIL, is unquestionably the best preparation for the hair that the world has yet seen.

The GENUINE OIL, highly perfumed and purified for the purpose of the toilet by A. B. SANDS & Co., Chemists and Druggists, 273 Broadway, cor. Chambers-st. Sold also at 79 Fulton-st., and 77 East Broadway. Price—50 cents large bottles; 25 cents small. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the Union. Purchasers should ask for SANDS'S GENUINE BEARS' OIL, and take no other. Ag 2—3m.

DR. POWELL, M.D.,

Oculist and Operative Surgeon, 261 Broadway cor. Warren Street.

ATTENDS TO DISEASES OF THE EYE, and to operations upon that organ from 9 to 4 P.M. His method of treating AMAUROSIS has been highly successful. This affection is frequently far advanced before the suspicions of the patient are aroused, the disease often arising without any apparent cause, and the eye exhibiting very little morbid change. The more prominent symptoms are gradual obscurity and impairment of vision, objects at first looking misty or confused—in reading, the letters are not distinctly defined, but run into each other—vision becomes more and more indistinct; sometimes only portions of objects being visible, dark moving spots or motes seem to float in the air, flashes of light are evolved, accompanied by pain, giddiness, and a sense of heaviness in the brow or temple, too frequently by neglect or maltreatment, terminating in total loss of vision.

CATARACTS and OPACITIES or Specks on the Eye, are effectually removed. The most inveterate cases of STRABISMUS or SQUINTING cured in a few minutes.

ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED without pain or operation, that can with difficulty be distinguished from the natural.

SPECTACLES.—Advice given as to the kind of glasses suitable to particular defects. Residence and offices 261 Broadway (cor. Warren-st.) Sent. 13—lv.

MUSIC.—A. TAYLOR most respectfully announces to the Public, that he continues to give instruction in Singing, and also on the Piano Forte, to pupils who reside in this city or in Brooklyn, as usual.

A. T. will undertake the training of Choirs in Sacred harmony. He will attend to small soiree parties of young ladies, who are, or may have been, his pupils; and also parties of gentlemen amateurs of Madrigals, Quartettes, &c.

Orders left for A. T., at his residence, No. 183 Second St., or at the Music Stores of Messrs. Nunn & Clarke, Firth & Hall, Dubois & Co., Stodart & Dunham, &c., will be duly attended to. Sept. 30—1m.

CASTLE GARDEN.

THESE spacious premises have at length been opened in most excellent style; no description can adequately convey a notion of its numerous excellencies. The Italian Opera Troupe are there, the Eliser Brothers, the unsurpassed Cline, all the Orchestral talent of the City, and on Sundays, there will be a selection of Sacred Music for the Million, at 12 cents Admission—the seriously disposed may view the great works of the Creator from the promenades outside the walls, while the more cheerful may lift up their hearts in Sacred Song. Operas on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. My17-6m.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

REGULAR MAIL LINE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BOSTON, VIA STONINGTON AND PROVIDENCE. AND VIA NEWPORT, composed of the following very superior and well known Steamers, running in connection with the Stonington and Providence Railroads and the Boston and Providence Railroads:—

MASSACHUSETTS, of 600 tons, Capt. Comstock.
MOHEGAN, 400 tons, Capt. Thayer.
NARRAGANSETT, 600 tons, Capt. Manchester.
RHODE ISLAND, 1000 tons, Capt. Thayer.
Under the new arrangement, which will offer increased comfort and advantage to travellers and shippers of freight, the line will be established daily on and after the 10th April, leaving New York, Boston and Providence every afternoon, (Sundays excepted.)
Will leave New York at 5 o'clock P.M. from Battery Place.
Will leave Boston at 4 P.M.
Will leave Providence at 8 P.M.
Will leave Newport at 9 P.M.
Via Stonington, the MASSACHUSETTS, Capt. Comstock, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 P.M.
Via Stonington and Newport, the NARRAGANSETT, Capt. Manchester, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 5 P.M.

Passengers on arrival of the Steamers at Stonington, will be immediately forwarded in the Railroad Cars to Providence and Boston.

For passage or freight, apply on board at north side of pier 1, 22 Broadway, or office of Saml. Deveau, freight agent, on the wharf.

Tickets for the route, and steamer's berths, can be secured on board, or at the office of Harnden & Co., 6 Wall Street. My17-6m

G. B. CLARKE.

FASHIONABLE TAILOR.

No. 132 William Street, 3 doors West of Fulton.

G. B. CLARKE returns thanks for the extensive patronage bestowed on his establishment during the last twelve months, and at the same time would inform the readers of "The Anglo American," that his charges for the first quality of Garments is much below that of other Fashionable Houses located in heavier rented thoroughfares. The style of the work will be similar to that of Bundage, Tryon & Co., with whose establishment G. B. C. was for a long period connected.

GENERAL SCALE OF PRICES.

Fine Cloth Dress Coats from	\$16.00 to \$20.00
" " " " " " " " " "	6.00 to 8.50
" " " " " " " " " "	3.50 to 4.50
Dress Coats	\$7.00 to \$9.00
Pants and Vests	1.50 to 2.00

John Clarke, formerly of 29 New Bond Street, London.

My17-6m

(Mrs-17.)

G. B. CLARKE, 132 William Street.

ALEXANDER WATSON, Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Office No. 77 Nassau Street—House No. 426 Broome Street—Office hours from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. (My24-14)

WELLINGTON HOTEL, TORONTO.

CORNER OF WELLINGTON (LATE MARKET) AND CHURCH STREETS.

THE Subscribers beg to announce that the above Hotel, situated in the centre of business, and adjacent to the Steamboat Landings and Stage Office, has been newly furnished with the utmost regard to the comfort of Families and Travellers. The business will be conducted by Mr. INGLIS, who, for seven years, Superintended the North American Hotel, while occupied by Mr. Wm. Campbell.

The Table will be plentifully supplied with the Substantials and Luxuries of the Season, and the Cellar is stocked with a selection of the choicest WINES and LIQUORS. From their experience, and a strict attention to the comfort and convenience of their Guests, they respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

My31-14

BELL & INGLIS.

JOHN HERDMAN'S OLD ESTABLISHED EMIGRANT PASSAGE OFFICE, 61 South Street, New York.—The Subscriber, in calling the attention of his friends and the public to his unequalled arrangements for bringing out persons from Great Britain and Ireland, who may be sent for by their friends, begs to state that, in consequence of the great increase in this branch of his business, and in order to preclude all unnecessary delay of the emigrant, has, at great expense, in addition to his regular agents at Liverpool, appointed Mr. Thomas H. Dicky, who has been a faithful clerk in the establishment for the last 8 years, to proceed to Liverpool and remain there during the emigration season, to superintend the embarkation of passengers engaged here. The ships employed in this line are well known to be only of the first class and very fast-sailing, commanded by kind and experienced men, and as they sail from Liverpool every five days, reliance may be placed that passengers will receive every attention and be promptly despatched. With such superior arrangements, the Subscriber looks forward for a continuation of that patronage which has been so liberally extended to him for so many years past, and should any of those sent for decline coming, the passage money will as usual be refunded, and passages from the different ports of Ireland and Scotland can also be secured if desired. For further particulars, apply to

HERDMAN, 61 South-st., near Wall-st., N.Y.

Agency in Liverpool:—

Messrs J. & W. Robinson, } No. 5 Baltic Buildings, and

Mr. Thomas H. Dicky, } No. 1 Neptune-st., Waterloo Dock.

My24-14

M. RADER, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principally Segars in all their variety.

My7-14

TAPSCOTT'S GENERAL EMIGRATION OFFICE,

SOUTH STREET, CORNER MAIDEN LANE.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR 1845.

PERSONS about sending for their friends in any part of the Old Country are respectfully informed by the Subscribers, that the same system that characterized their house, and gave such unbounded satisfaction the past year, will be continued through the season of 1845.

The great increase in this branch of their business, and to give satisfaction to all parties, necessitates one of the firm to remain in Liverpool to give his personal attention to the same, therefore the departure of every passenger from that place will be superintended by Mr. WM. TAPSCOTT, and the utmost confidence may be felt that those sent for will have quick despatch and proper care taken by him to see them placed on board ship in as comfortable a manner as possible. Better proof that such will be the case cannot be adduced than the punctual and satisfactory manner in which the business was transacted through the past emigrating season. The ships for which the Subscribers are Agents comprise the

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE ST. GEORGE'S LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS AND THE UNITED LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Making a ship from Liverpool every five days—the possibility of delay is therefore precluded. The well established character of these Lines renders further comment unnecessary; suffice it therefore to say, that the Subscribers guarantee to give satisfaction to all parties who may send for their friends through them. In all cases where those sent for decline coming out, the full amount of money paid for their passage will be refunded. A free passage to Liverpool from any port in Ireland or Scotland can be secured. Apply or address (post paid),

W & J T. TAPSCOTT,

South Street cor. Maiden Lane.

Agency in Liverpool—

My10-14

WM. TAPSCOTT, or GEO. RIFFARD & SON, 95, Waterloo Road.

FIRST PREMIUM DAGUERRIAN MINIATURE GALLERY,

Corner of Broadway and Fulton Street, New York.

AT this Gallery Miniatures are taken which, for beauty of colour, tone, and effect, can at all times recommend themselves; and which are at least equal to any that have been heretofore executed. M. B. BRADY respectfully invites the attention of the citizens of New York, and of strangers visiting the City, to the very fine specimens of DAGUERRETYPE LIKENESSES on exhibition at his Establishment; believing that they will meet the approbation of the intelligent Public. Mr. Brady has recently made considerable improvement in his mode of taking Miniatures, particularly with regard to their durability and colouring, which he thinks cannot be surpassed, and which in all cases are warranted to give satisfaction. The colouring department is in the hands of a competent and practical person, and in which Mr. B. begs to claim superiority.

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STEAM BETWEEN NEW-YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

THE Great Western Steamship Co.'s steam ship GREAT WESTERN, Captain Matthews; and their new iron steamship GREAT BRITAIN, Capt. Hosken, are appointed to sail during the year 1845, as follows:—

FROM LIVERPOOL.			FROM NEW-YORK.		
Great Western	Saturday	17th May	Great Western	Thursday	13th June
Great Western	do	5th July	Great Western	do	31st July
Great Britain	do	2d Aug.	Great Britain	Saturday	30th Aug.
Great Western	do	23d Aug.	Great Western	Thursday	18th Sept.
Great Britain	do	27th Sep.	Great Britain	Saturday	25th Oct.
Great Western	do	11th Oct.	Great Western	Thursday	6th Nov.
Great Britain	do	22d Nov.	Great Britain	Saturday	20th Dec.

Passage money per Great Western, from New-York to Liverpool, \$100, and \$5 Steward's fee.
For freight or passage, apply to
New-York, Jan. 27, 1845. RICHARD IRVIN, 98 Front-street. My10-1f.

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

TO sail from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:—

FROM NEW YORK.			FROM LIVERPOOL.		
SHERIDAN, Capt. F. A. Depeyster,	26 Sept.		SHERIDAN, Capt. Depeyster,	11th Nov.	
GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask,	26th Oct.		GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask,	11th Dec.	
ROSCIUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge,	26th Nov.		ROSCIUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge,	11th Jan.	
SIDDONS, Capt. E. B. Cobb,	26th Dec.		SIDDONS, Capt. E. B. Cobb,	11th Feb.	

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the city of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
E. K. COLLINS & Co., 56 South-st., N.Y., or to
BROWN, SMITH & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all advertisements not in their names of their Liverpool Packets, viz:—the Roscius, Siddons, Sheridan and Garrick. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My24-1f.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

FROM NEW YORK.			FROM LIVERPOOL.		
STEPHEN WHITNEY, W. C. Thompson,	May 11		STEPHEN WHITNEY, 1000 tons,	Feb. 26.	
UNITED STATES, A. B. Iton,	June 11		UNITED STATES, 700 tons,	March 26.	
VIRGINIAN, Chas. Hehn,	July 11		VIRGINIAN, 700 tons,	April 26.	
WATERLOO, W. H. Allen,	Aug. 11		WATERLOO, 900 tons,	May 26.	

The qualities and accommodations of the above ships, and the reputation of their commanders, are well known. Every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of passengers and the interests of importers. The price of cabin passage to Liverpool is fixed at \$100. The owner will not be responsible for any letter, parcel, or package, sent by the above ships, for which a bill of lading is not signed. For freight or passage, apply to
ROBERT KERMIT, 74 South-street. My24-1f.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from New York on the 6th, and from Liverpool on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing falls on Sunday the ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.			Captains.		
Ashburton,	H. Hattleston,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6,	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.		
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6,	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.		
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6,	April 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.		
Henry Clay,	Ezra Nye,	April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6,	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.		

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to
CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool. My31-1f.

LONDON LINE PACKETS.

TO SAIL ON THE 1ST, 10TH AND 20TH OF EVERY MONTH.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from New York and Portsmouth on the 1st, 10th and 20th, and from London on the 7th, 17th and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz:—

Ships.			Captains.		
St. James	F. R. Meyers	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20		
Northumberland	G. H. Griswold	10, 10, 10	March 1, July 1, Nov. 1		
Gladiator	R. L. Bunting	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10		
Mediator	J. M. Chadwick	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1	20, 20, 20		
Switzerland	G. Knight	10, 10, 10	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1		
Quebec	F. B. Hubbard	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10		
Victoria	E. E. Morgan	March 1, July 1, Nov. 1	20, 20, 20		
Wellington	D. Chadwick	10, 10, 10	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1		
Headrick Hudson	G. Moore	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10		
Prince Albert	W. S. Sebor	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1	20, 20, 20		
Toronto	E. G. Tinker	10, 10, 10	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1		
Westminster	Hovey	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10		

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without wines and liquors. Neither the captains nor the owners of these packets will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. Apply to
GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to
JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st. My21-1f.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.			Masters.		
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16		
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1		
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16		
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1		
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16		
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1		
Columbus,	G. A. Cole,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16		
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1		

These ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or
C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burlington, N. Y.,

FLOWERS, BOUQUETS, &c.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N. Y., has at ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, many Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N. B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with prices. Ap 20 1f.

HENRY'S CHINESE SHAVING CREAM;

OR, ORIENTAL COMPOUND.

THE principal ingredients of this delightful Oriental Compound, being of Eastern origin, the preparation differs entirely from any other heretofore offered for the same purpose. Its component parts are held in the highest estimation where best known, but the composition itself is entirely new, and only requires a trial of its qualities, to satisfy all of its real worth. It has cost the Proprietors years of labor, and much expense, to bring the article to its present state of perfection, and is now submitted for public favour on its own merits, with the confident belief that it is the best as well as the most economical Shaving Compound now in use.

A perusal of the following testimonials is respectfully requested:—
PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.—Nothing is more intelligibly indicative of the amazing progress of Science in this age, than the innumerable additions which are constantly made to the sum of our minor comforts and luxuries. In our dwellings—in our cooking—in our clothing—in all our enjoyments and conveniences, we are daily receiving new accessions to our comfort. Even in the business of shaving, Science has been ministering largely to our enjoyments. That process, instead of being an affliction, is now positively a comfort—that is, if you use Sands & Co.'s admirable "Shaving Soap." Just try it.—N. Y. Herald.

SOMETHING FOR THE BEARD.—Not to make it grow, Reader—that is not exactly desirable; but a splendid article of Shaving Cream, unsurpassed, and, we believe, unsurpassable. Messrs. A. B. Sands & Co., 273 Broadway, are famous for the superiority of every thing they sell in the Drug and Perfumery line; but they never did "bearded man" a greater favor than in furnishing him with "Henry's Chinese Shaving Cream." It is beautiful in appearance, beautiful in use, and a most decided luxury.—New York American Republican.

Several of our contemporaries have exhausted the power of language in praise of a new compound of the saponaceous kind, sold by A. B. Sands & Co., 273 Broadway, called "Henry's Chinese Shaving Cream." It is, indeed, a capital article, and deserves all that is said of it.—N. Y. Morning News.

THE CHINESE SHAVING CREAM, prepared by Sands, is one of the most pains-saving articles ever invented for the use of the bearded half of humanity. It is so convenient and pleasant that, once tried, it will always after be deemed an indispensable requisite at the toilet of a gentleman.—N. Y. Sun.

SOMETHING NEW FOR SHAVING.—A beautiful compound, in the shape of "Henry's Chinese Shaving Cream," has recently been tried by us in undergoing the "beard reaping" process; and we truly say that this preparation, introduced by Messrs. Sands & Co., 273 Broadway, is the pleasantest emollient to the skin we ever made use of. It makes the face soft and pleasant, and either smart nor roughness follows the trace of the razor. It is decidedly the best thing we ever used, and for travellers, and those who do their own "barbering," is invaluable.—N. Y. Express.

SOFT SOAP.—The best razor in the world is of little use, provided the shaver has to work for hours mixing up lather from hard soap. No man can go through the operation of shaving, without he is aided by one or other of the shaving compounds for sale by the Perfumers. Of all those which we have tried, we give "Henry's Chinese Shaving Cream," prepared by A. B. Sands & Co., the preference. It raises a thick, delicate and creamy lather, which facilitates the mowing operation famously. We would not have any objection to receive a half-dozen pots of it, which would last us about a half-dozen years.—N. Y. Aurora.

Prepared and sold by A. B. SANDS & Co., Chemists and Druggists, 273 Broadway, cor. Chambers-st., N. Y.—Price, 50 cents per jar. Sold also at 79 Fulton-st., and 77 East Broadway, and by Druggists generally in town and country. Ag2-3m.

PIANO FORTE AND MUSIC STORE.—JAMES L. HEWITT, has removed his Piano Forte and Music Store to 295 Broadway, (La Forge's New Buildings), where will always be found a large and general assortment of Music and Musical Instruments of every description, both at Wholesale and Retail.

J. L. H. is the sole agent for this city, for the sale of Lemuel Gilbert's (of Boston) celebrated Patent Action Piano Fortes, which are now considered by the most eminent professors equal, if not superior, to any made.

Military Bands supplied with the very best Instruments, all of which are warranted perfect.—All orders for Music, Musical Instruments, or Piano Fortes, addressed to the Subscriber, will meet the same attention as if by a personal application.

My17-6m.] JAMES L. HEWITT, 295 Broadway, between Rende and Duane.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.
FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM.

The operation of this preparation is three-fold. It acts as a tonic, strengthening the digestive power and restoring the appetite, as an aperient, peculiarly suited and gentle in its laxative effect, and as an antiseptic, purifying the fluids of the body, and neutralizing in the blood the active principle of disease. The many well authenticated cures of Scrofula of the most malignant character, wrought by Sands's Sarsaparilla, have given it a well earned celebrity. But it is not alone in Scrofula nor in the class of diseases to which it belongs, that this preparation has been found beneficial. It is a specific in many diseases of the skin, and may be administered with favourable results in all; it also exercises a controlling influence in bilious complaints; and when the system has been debilitated either by the use of powerful mineral medicines or other causes, it will be found an excellent restorative.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary. Madisonville, Ky., Feb. 22, 1845.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands.—Having used your Sarsaparilla in my family, and witnessed its beneficial effects on one of my children, I feel it to be a duty I owe the community to make the case public. About two years ago my little son was attacked with Scrofula or King's Evil, which broke in eight or nine places round the neck and jaw, and which finally affected his eyes, rendering him entirely blind. During the first year from the time he was taken, he was attended by several physicians, but continued to get worse until I despaired of his ever getting well. Having seen your Sarsaparilla advertised with certificates of its cures, I concluded I would give it a trial, and accordingly sent to Cincinnati and procured a few bottles, and now, after having used in all nine bottles, I have the gratification of saying he is well. The sores are all entirely healed, and his sight nearly as good as ever it was; and I have no hesitation in saying that he was entirely cured by the use of your Sarsaparilla.—Yours truly, E. BASSETT.

The following statement is from a gentleman who is one of the first Druggists in the city of Providence, and from his extensive knowledge of medicines of every kind, and his experience of the effects of Sands's Sarsaparilla, his opinion, is one of peculiar value to the afflicted.—

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.—I speak experimentally when I say that this medicine is far more effectual in the cure of chronic or acute rheumatism than any other preparation I ever tested. Having endured extreme suffering at times within the last five years from repeated attacks of inflammatory or acute Rheumatism, I have recently used Sands's Sarsaparilla with the happiest success; my health is now better than it has been for many months past, my appetite is good, and my strength is rapidly returning. I attribute this healthful change entirely to the use of this potent medicine. Feeling a deep sympathy with those who are afflicted with this most tormenting and painful complaint, I cannot refrain from earnestly recommending to such those of this valuable specific. Having the most entire confidence in the medicine and skill of Dr. Sands, I was induced thereby to try the effects of their Sarsaparilla, and I take pleasure in adding my testimony to that of many others commendatory of its invaluable properties, unknown to and uncollected by the Messrs. Sands. CHARLES DYER, Jr. Feb. 15, 1845; Druggist, 40 & 42 Westminster-st., Providence, R. I.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained gratis.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggist, 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, 77 East Broadway, N. Y. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5. John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Musson, Quebec; J. W. Brent, Kingston; S. T. Urquhart, Toronto; T. Birnie, Hamilton, Canada; Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. J19-1f.